



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

15c

20c in Canada



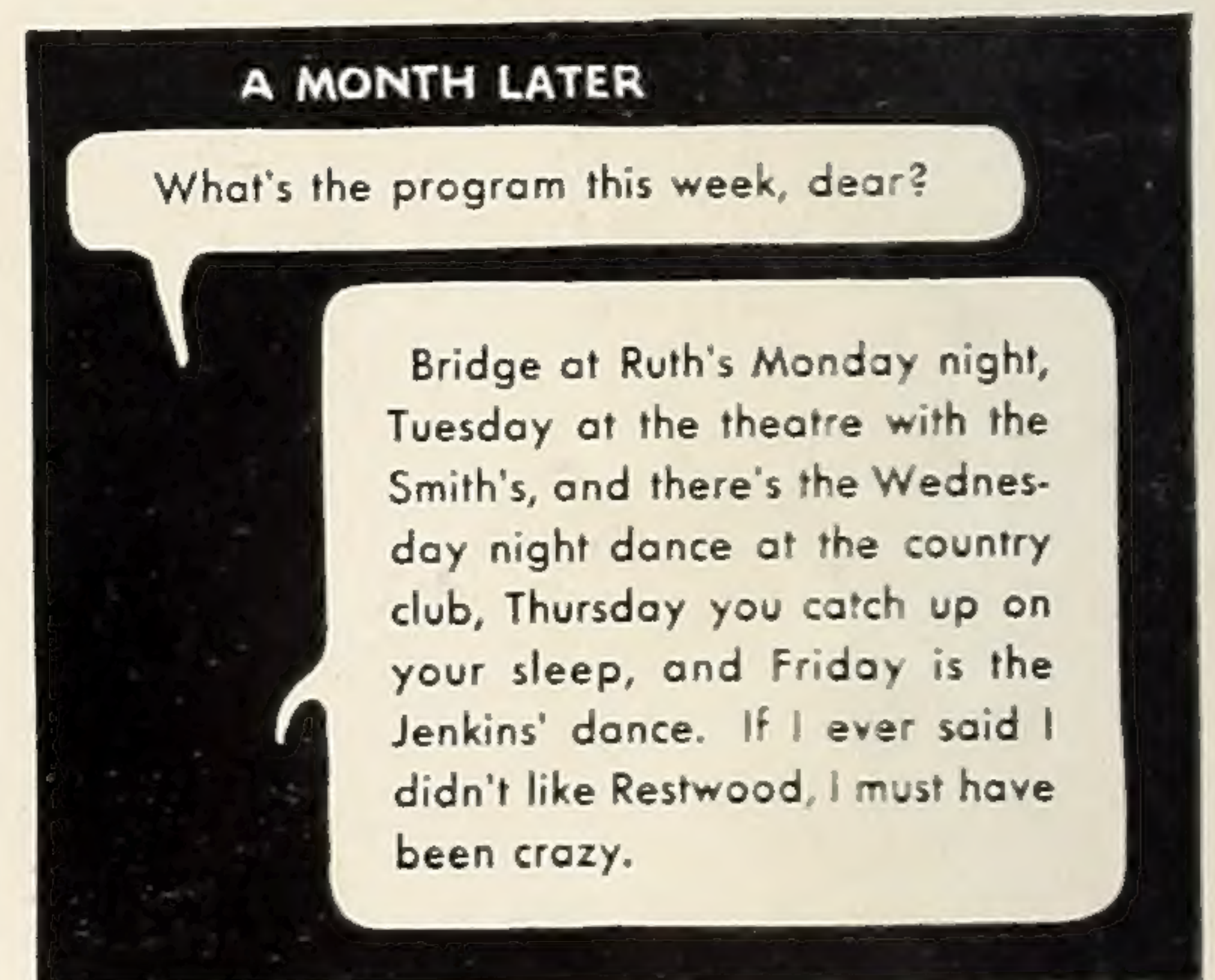
Dolores Del Rio

Charles Sheldony

**GRAND DUCHESS MARIE EXPOSES
SCREEN'S MISINTERPRETATION OF HISTORY!**

**Are the Stars Overpaid? Read What Lionel Barrymore Says
KAY FRANCIS and WILLIAM POWELL TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER**

Making Friends Isn't All a Matter of Personality



All names used in the above photographs are fictitious

You can't be too careful about it

Referring to halitosis, the unforgivable social fault, a New York woman of considerable prominence recently said:—

"I am amazed at the number of really nice women, who are fastidious about everything but their breath. They seem to take its pleasantness for granted—when often, too often, it is otherwise. Men, of course, are even worse offenders."

The truth about halitosis is that no one is immune. Everybody has it at some time or other. That is because food fermentation goes on in everybody's mouth—and fer-

mentation produces odors. Tiny bits of food that careful tooth brushing has failed to remove, are the most frequent causes of this condition, says a leading dental authority.

Listerine, used as a mouthwash, checks fermentation, when it reaches the bacteria. Then attacks the odors that fermentation causes. As a precaution against halitosis, use Listerine night and morning and between times before meeting others. At your druggist's now at new low prices. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



**[NOW AT
NEW LOW
PRICES]**

TO CHECK HALITOSIS [Bad Breath] USE LISTERINE

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*



Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man" Arrives in Celluloid

WITH a deftness that is more than a match for the daring of M-G-M's decision to bring Hammett's popular novel, "The Thin Man," to the screen, the production chiefs entrusted with the work have achieved a vital, richly colorful and sparkling celluloid transcription of this best-seller mystery novel.

Of the many important studio factors responsible for this incisive combination of mature humor and absorbing melodrama, by far the most obvious triumph is William Powell's acting. His portrayal of the bibulous and debonair Nick, playboy and detective extraordinary who, much against his instincts for leisure, finds himself involved in attempting the solution of a murder mystery, is, perhaps, as finished and glittering a performance as he or any other actor has contributed to the screen. And, matching him almost stride for stride in his swiftly paced display of acting pyrotechnics, is Myrna Loy, who appears as Nora, fascinatingly unconventional but devotedly loyal wife of Nick. Nat Pendleton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Minna Gombell are the more prominently cast members of a splendid cast.

The story retains its suspense as it progresses to an astonishing climax to the series of killings and false clues surrounding the complex Wynant case. The picture sums up as a stimulating blend of laughs, chuckles and chills. A grand show—for grown-ups.

August, 1934

THIS MONTH

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If Broadway Cou'
Picture? *Will*
Hero! *Leslie*
Douglas Fair
Dreamy Di
the Month

DEPA

TAGGIN
SNUBS /
HONOR
REVIEW:
RADIO I
JUST BE
HERE'S I
ASK ME..
FEMI-NIF



Change
of Heart
Fox

You will like this for more reasons than that it brings together again Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. It is thickly spread over with sentiment, but you'll take that and love it, even as you'll respond to the comedy provided by James Dunn, abetted by Ginger Rogers. Janet is the girl who loves Charlie, but he does not know it. The heroine stands by till love, which had to come, arrives. A good show.



The
Black
Cat
Universal

Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, and a story based on one of Edgar Allen Poe's tales, accomplish what will cause great shivering of spines. Made to live up to the "horror film" standards, it often gets so seriously involved in that job that at moments it threatens to become funny. But not funny enough to provide entertainment. The story is concerned with the sinister events taking place in a sinister house presided over by a sinister doctor with a murder complex.



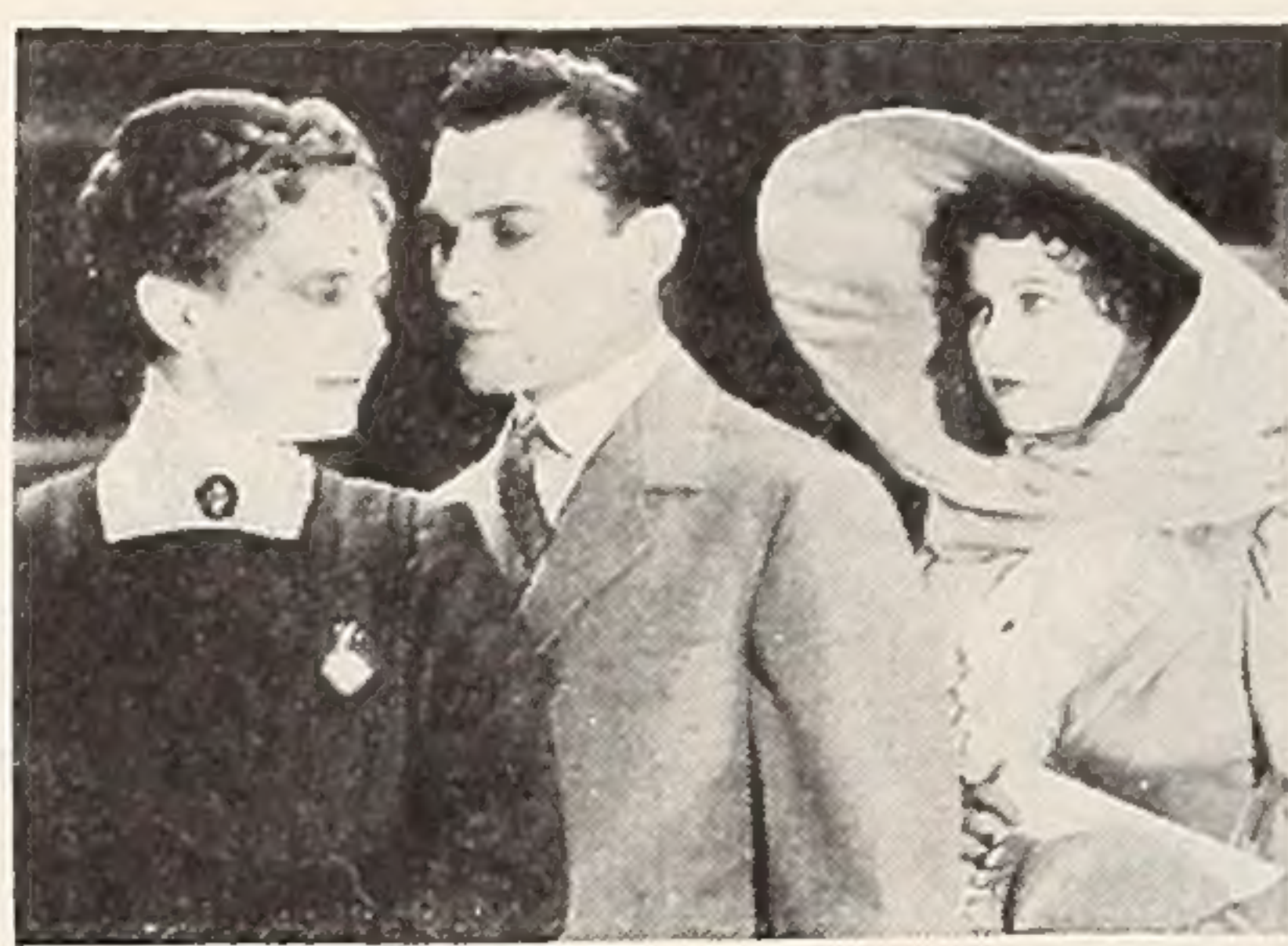
The
Merry
Frinks
Warners

Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbe, and Hugh Herbert will have an unusually

TAGGING the TALKIES

*Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 56-57*

The
Double
Door
Para-
mount



Splendidly acted and produced version of the stage play about a tyrannical dowager who goes to the length of attempted murder to separate her step-son from his bride—whom she thinks unworthy to bear the illustrious name of her house. Mary Morris gives a commanding performance. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor again prove an ideally matched romantic team. The tone of the picture is austere, with tension unrelieved, but it is absorbing.



Embar-
rassing
Mo-
ments
Universal

Thrills and laughs—an abundance of them—help Chester Morris and Marian Marsh turn an unusual story-plot into a comedy. The hero is a practical joker who is ribbed into becoming a counterfeiter and back home to his place was on him. The kiddies.



Surprising there form for this romance captain so accom- he keeps out of an ex-flame, now. The affair which meeting brings on. William Powell, st have the leading very emphatically.

Sting-
aree
RKO-
Radio



An episodic and thoroughly unconvincing story detracts from many individually interesting sequences developed in this swash-buckling romance laid in Australia and dated in the 1870's. Richard Dix appears as the bandit who loves music and sets the heroine on her path to success as a singer. She chucks it all, to flee with him, the law at their heels. Irene Dunne is charming to look at and sings appealingly—which helps a lot.

Smarty
Warners



If there was ever more fun in a picture, this reviewer had the misfortune to miss it. Nearly every line of the dialogue produces at least a giggle, with laughs plentiful. Joan Blondell appears as the nagging wife who divorces her husband for slapping her, marries her lawyer, but true love doesn't come till he too slaps her. Miss Blondell, Warren William as the husband, and Edward Everett Horton, as the lawyer—superlative! Here's your laugh tonic.

Merry
Wives
of Reno
Warners



Despite the obvious, (slightly too obvious), efforts of Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbe, and Glenda Farrell, this is not as merry as the title would indicate. The picture has its moments, but they are too far between. The action reveals the woes of three married couples who get out of the frying pans into the fires of those antique standbys—wrong bedrooms, and such. Donald Woods and Margaret Lindsay appear prominently.

Money
Means
Noth-
ing
Mono-
gram



Melodrama shot through with slapstick comedy, with a result that is only fair entertainment. The story with labored effort shows you what may happen when a wealthy girl falls in love with an impecunious clerk. Follow stressful times of enforced unemployment. At a pawn shop—of all things—the heroine, there to pawn her fur coat, learns that she is going to have a bay-bee! Wallace Ford and Gloria Shear co-star.



Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-earspectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn procession...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

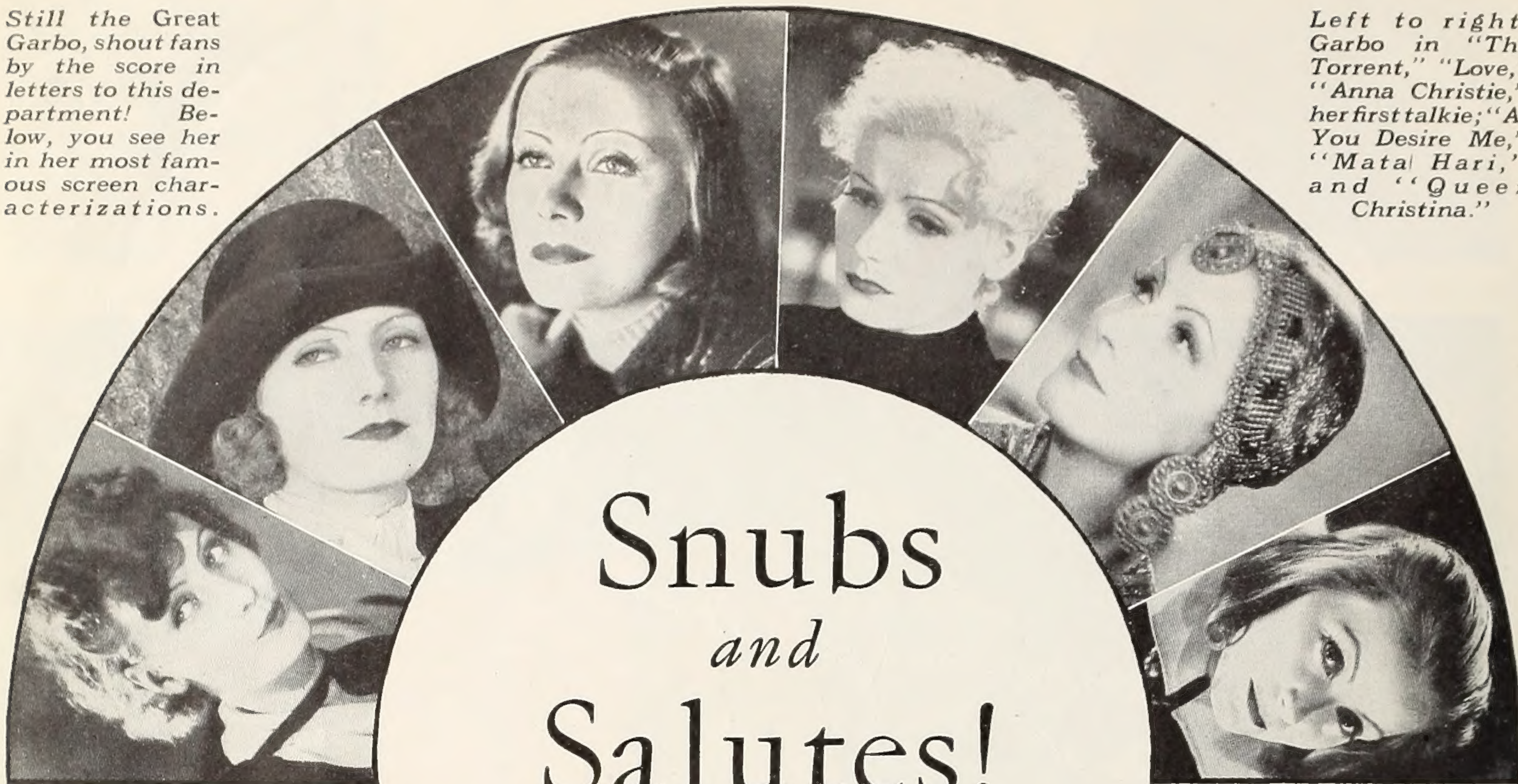
with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!



Still the Great Garbo, shout fans by the score in letters to this department! Below, you see her in her most famous screen characterizations.



Left to right: Garbo in "The Torrent," "Love," "Anna Christie," her first talkie, "As You Desire Me," "Mata Hari," and "Queen Christina."

Snubs and Salutes!

The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Highbrows and lowbrows would flock to see:

Hepburn and Gable in "Taming of the Shrew." Gaynor as *Juliet*; Garbo as *Cleopatra*. "Merchant of Venice" with: Helen Hayes, *Portia*; John Barrymore, *Antonio*; Lionel Barrymore, *Shylock*. "Twelfth Night" with: Diana Wynyard, *Olivia*; Joan Blondell, *Viola*; Wallace Beery, *Sir Andrew*; Lionel Barrymore, *Malvolio*.

Geraldine Hall,
R2, Box 315
Bessemer, Ala.

IT'S GETTING SERIOUS!

Joan Blondell and Loretta Young have gotten us stenogs in a jam! Thanks to them, our boy friends think we should dress as they do, and it can't be done, brothers, on our little 'ole fifteen per. So, lay off, Joan and Loretta, will you? Thanks!

Marie Murphey,
1372 Playford Ave.,
Zanesville, Ohio.

AND NO TWIN BROTHERS!

We all like *Mickey Mouse* because he's original—never forges checks, with the inevitable outcome; he isn't a weak-chinned millionaire who can't make good until the last reel. With *Mickey* we're not made to swallow the old plots—we never know where the next laugh is coming from.

Bernard Mintz,
7 Woodford St.,
Worcester, Mass.

CHEER FOR THE TEAM!

Many famous teams like Dietrich-Von Sternberg, Gaynor-Farrell, Garbo-Gilbert, have received generous tribute. Now there's a behind-the-screen team deserving similar acclaim—Robert Riskin, who adapted "Lady For A Day" and "It Happened One Night," and Frank Capra, who di-

Put your pet ideas on paper and enter them for a prize!

Something new? Yes—the name that headlines this monthly convention of film-goers intent upon expressing their views about pictures and picture people. And new pep, too, in the always lively discussion of fans who take the floor to analyze pressing matters looming on the cinema horizon.

This month's mail pouch, billowing and bulging with pithy paragraphs, proves that Hollywood's screen creations are giving the fans IDEAS. And how many!

You Joan Blondell and Loretta Young! Oh, you've done it all innocently, we know! But do you realize the plight into which your enchanting impersonations threaten to plunge America's young stenogs—because their swains show a growing disposition to demand of them a perfection of charm and chic modeled upon your characterizations?

And you, casting directors! Can you improve upon some of the suggestions advanced in letters printed here?

Of course, the fans have not gone so wholly serious and technical that romance and raves are diminishing. The Admiration Society, (may its membership increase, multiply and grow ever more articulate), is out in force.

And you, Fans! Don't you see what fun it is to take the floor at these genial meetings of kindred spirits and voice your very own opinions? And there's always wonderful inducement—substantial trophy of triumph—of \$5 each for the best 8 letters each month. Send your comments now. Confine them to topics of general interest, and restrict them to a maximum of 50 words. Mail them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

rected these outstanding pictures. Loud handclaps, fans!

Alma Johnson,
211 East Fourth St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

WITHOUT MIRRORS, TOO!

Orchids to Garbo! In "Queen Christina" she exposed her famous feet, unslipped and stockingless. This was a genuine shock to many movie-goers who imagined the reigning queen of the movies had mammoth

feet. Well, that taught the smart alecks a lesson!

Claudia D. Ermine,
691 East 230th St.,
New York City.

REMEMBER, WE'RE NEUTRAL!

All the time this guy Gable was known as the *Great Lover* he was a great pain in my neck! But I've seen "It Happened One Night" and gosh—he's a grand comedian and actor when he isn't pantingly, tragically "sexy-motional" all over the place, isn't he?

Starr Icyda,
327. So. Central Park Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN!

At last Myrna Loy's brilliant talents are being recognized. She can veer from an exotic siren to a sweet girl rôle with fine effect and that's real versatility. This cultured, beautiful and intelligent lady is sure to scale the heights.

William McCauley,
28 Daviston St.,
Springfield, Mass.

IT'S THE CAT'S PAW!

Page Harold Lloyd—my risibles need tickling. Three times I saw "The Freshman" and even now the memories of his antics set me to laughing. Sex pictures have got me down. It will take a good old-fashioned Harold Lloyd laugh—yea, guffaw—to put me on my feet again.

Lee Hamilton,
1425 Rosewood Ave.,
Louisville, Ky.

TIP FOR HOLLYWOOD!

Producers look foolish when one of their number "discovers" someone who has been under their noses for years. They should, too! Why don't they "discover" Paul Cavanaugh as a romantic menace, and star him in the Dell novel "Charles Rex?" The part's a darb, and fits him beautifully!

Beatrice McLaughlin,
103-55 97th St.,
Ozone Park, Long Island.

A BREAK FOR THE BARD!

Hepburn in "Morning Glory" made us eager for her to complete *Juliet*, but someone has failed to anticipate our whetted desires. Mr. Producer, Shakespeare is swell entertainment, as well as good melodrama. Why not cash in on what you made us like?

Mrs. Frank Elpers,
R. F. D. 3,
Logansport, Ind.

ALL POINTS WEST!

Let us have a lot more *West* coming east, aye, North and South too! What this depressed old world needs just now is a tonic of the *West* personality to be taken on its screens as often as possible. Mae has the prescription and we want it dispensed frequently, please!

Elsie Graves,
6A West Dock St.,
Hull—Yorkshire, England.

more of you Rosemary Ames for "We Believe In You!"

Gloria Schacter,
645 West End Ave.,
New York City.

NEW HIGH FOR NORMA!

If you want to see an actress with beauty, charm, wit, superb acting ability—go to see Norma Shearer. Let us hope we may see more of her in such pictures as "Smilin' Through" and her latest, "Riptide," in which she gives one of the finest performances of her career.

Isabelle Good,
60 Matchedash St.,
Orillia, Ont., Canada.

HARDY PERENNIAL!

Why not give Garbo "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to do? She has all the inner fire and the suggestion of fatalism necessary for it. It would be an entirely new char-



Seer but not sinister! Boris Karloff, so chillingly cold on the screen, is the opposite of that in real life. Above you see him telling Jacqueline Wells' fortune between scenes for "The Black Cat."

OODLES OF MOODS!

I have no patience with those people who insist that Garbo is "all personality." A personality is a mood and is characterized with a specific appeal. Garbo, grander than ever in that grand picture "Queen Christina," was a masterpiece of *moods*—not merely a certain or specific one.

Ralph E. Schroeder,
Shawano, Wisc.

HAPPY LANDINGS!

Do you remember *The Personality Kid* in the picture "The Bowery"? Yes, I'm referring to George Raft, alias *The Kid*. Wouldn't it be a treat to see slick-haired George Raft in that memorable picture "The Patent Leather Kid." What a mug! What a picture! Are you listening Producers?

Andy Andrews,
1050 N. 46th St.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

RAY! FOR ROSEMARY

Congratulations are in order to Rosemary Ames for her performance in "I Believed In You." Our new star is *real* and possesses what is known as *character* which is a rare trait these days. We want to see

acterization for her to undertake—as new in its way as was "Anna Christie."

Helen Rhodes,
625 Cambridge B'ld. S. E.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAY IT WITH MUSIC!

Here's a rave from the home town for Lyle Talbot. And are we proud of him! But now we want everyone to know that he can *sing*, and how! So please give us a break and give Lyle a singing rôle. We predict *everyone* will rave about him after that.

Ruth Slater,
1618 Locust St.,
Omaha, Nebr.

LIKES HER THAT WAY!

Hurrah, hurrah! I've experienced "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime." The announcement that Katharine Hepburn's next rôle will be "Joan of Arc" is grand news. She was born to play this part. She symbolizes courage, daring and inspiration; even her physique and general appearance resemble the famous "Maid of Orleans."

Yvonne H. Willis,
89 Suffield St.,
Hartford, Conn.



REDUCE
YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
...or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely **FREE**. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The illustrations above show the Perfolastic Girdle worn with and without the new Perfolastic Detachable Uplift Brassiere.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

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Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

SCREENLAND

TO JOHN BARRYMORE—for the most adroit portrayal of his brilliant career, that of the exhibitionistic stage producer in "Twentieth Century." How Barrymore enjoys playing that part—and how audiences enjoy watching his fireworks! Applause, too, for his supporting players: Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, and Roscoe Karns, seen below.

HONOR TO THESE ARTISTS!

Ⓒ John Barrymore

Ⓒ Shirley Temple

Ⓒ Edward Arnold

Ⓒ Frank Morgan

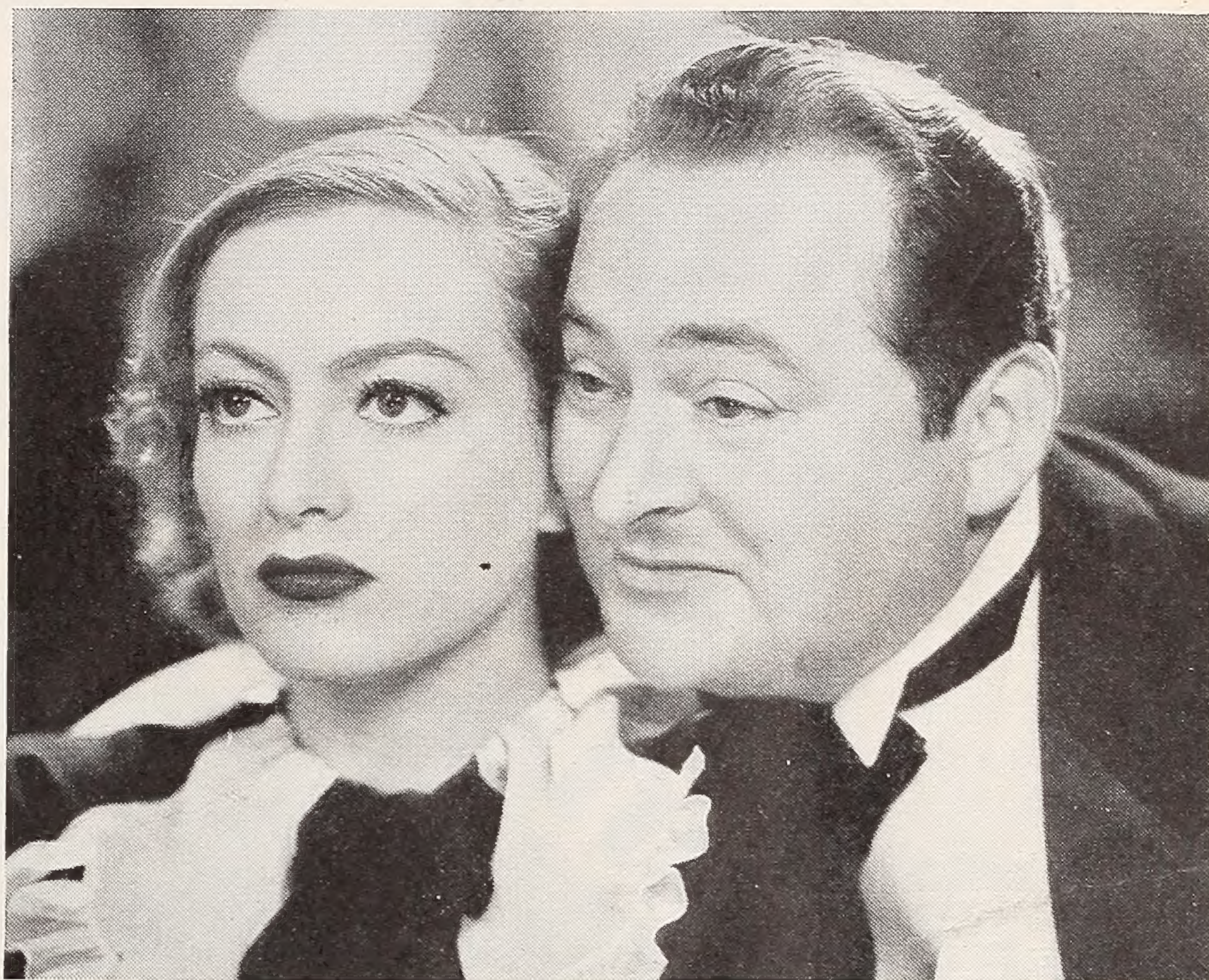


TO SHIRLEY TEMPLE—for being not only the most deliciously appealing little personality ever captured by a movie camera, but for her amazing talents as an actress in "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou. This baby is no freak performer, but a clever troupier who can make the most of every scene with never a cringe from the customers.



HONOR PAGE

Yes—we know we call it our Honor “Page.” But what can you do when there are so many fine players that it is impossible to select only one for the award? In all fairness, we must give honor where honor is due! Loud huzzas, cheers, and laurels, then, for four exciting performances



TO EDWARD ARNOLD—new monarch of “heavy-hero” rôles. As Joan Crawford’s bibulous millionaire-husband in “Sadie McKee,” Mr. Arnold picks up the picture and reels off with it.



TO FRANK MORGAN—master of the difficult art of screen subtlety, for his panic performance as the dallying Duke in “The Affairs of Cellini.” Of course it’s a fat part, but what other actor could have made it ingratiating rather than merely ridiculous? Morgan steals the show from Constance Bennett, left, and Fredric March.





**A SUAVE VILLAIN —
A DEEP MYSTERY —
A STUNNING GIRL —**

» » » That's all Bulldog Drummond wanted! And Scotland Yard spent the unhappiest hours of its life learning that Drummond . . . as usual . . . "got" his villain . . . and got his girl!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents

Ronald Colman.

**"in
Bulldog Drummond
Strikes Back"**

with **LORETTA YOUNG**
WARNER OLAND • UNA MERKEL
• CHARLES BUTTERWORTH •

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH** • *Released thru* **UNITED ARTISTS**
a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production



The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Barbara Robbins

from Delight Evans

DEAR Miss Robbins:

You're the latest!

I am watching you leave for Hollywood, where your very first rôle will be opposite John Barrymore. I am hearing you called "A second Katharine Hepburn." I am wishing you luck. But I am also going to give you a word (or two), of advice.

Yes, little girl—Grandma Evans knows that about the last thing an excited young actress on her first trip to Hollywood *really* wants, is a word of advice. As a matter of fact, the last thing *anybody* wants is advice. It's easier to give than to take. But from your nice, frank smile, I think you can take it. And I can give it—ask Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett.

You're on the high road to screen success, after a pleasant but modest career on Broadway and in stock. And already your company is calling you "a second Hepburn." At first, this sounds fine. "A second Hepburn"—visions of smash hits, Hispano-Suizas, *deluxe* suites on ocean liners—and, I may add, dirty dungarees. But how does it work out, this "second somebody" stuff? Not, if you will examine the records, so very well. Ask your uncle what happened to the "second Mary Pickford," Mary Miles Minter. Remember Dietrich had to live down her "second Garbo" publicity. The irony of it is that whenever a film company tries to promote a "second" star, along comes a fresh personality,



Young hopeful on her way to Hollywood! Will Barbara Robbins, called "a second Hepburn," win screen fame?

totally different, to start a new cycle! For example: right in the midst of the Hepburn vogue, with Anna Sten as runner-up, there appears the latest rave, not another import, but a baby—a four-year-old named Shirley Temple! Try to figure *that* out. You can't.

And so I hope, instead of believing all the ballyhoo, you, Miss Robbins, will carve your own career. It looks very promising from here. You have an individual, unactressy charm—not at all like La Hepburn's amazing appeal, but quietly potent nevertheless. Your first film, "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove," will give you excellent opportunity. John Barrymore—if he likes you, and he'd better—will help you from the wealth of his great experience, as he helped Katharine Hepburn and Carole Lombard. And there will be your unseen army of boosters, the ever-eager, hopeful, warm-hearted movie-going public, to urge you on. Remember—we all *want* you to succeed—but as Barbara Robbins, someone new, someone different, not as another holyterror-Hepburn. So no matter how much you are tempted by well-meaning praise-agents, don't let them persuade you to do any of these things:

1. Wear overalls, dungarees, breeches, trousers, or just plain pants.
2. Be photographed with a monkey.
3. Thumb your nose at news-cameramen.
4. Be rude to reporters.
5. Take yourself seriously.

Grand Duchess Marie

Royal Dynamite! Direct Descendant of Catherine the Great of Russia Reveals the Real Truth about Historical Romance on the Screen!

EDITOR'S NOTE: When the Grand Duchess Marie saw the motion picture, "Catherine the Great," she decided she must write about it—and SCREENLAND was the magazine fortunate enough to be selected to publish her exclusive article. Perhaps only SCREENLAND would be courageous enough to print the Grand Duchess' article exactly as she has written it! It must be pointed out that her expression of opinion in no way reflects the editorial opinion of SCREENLAND as to the entertainment value of the film, "Catherine the Great," starring Elizabeth Bergner. As a matter of fact, the film was most favorably reviewed in this magazine. But in the interests of truth, we are proud to present to the American public this frank and fearless review by Grand Duchess Marie—who is, like every screen spectator, entitled to her honest opinion, and is also particularly qualified, as a member of the last Imperial Russian royal family, to judge the merits of a picture based on one of her country's outstanding personages. And now let us know what you think! We want your honest opinion!

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

DISTORTION of historical facts, misinterpretation of historical characters and historically incorrect settings were for a long time a special privilege of Hollywood and a privilege of which Hollywood availed itself freely and with no scruples. Hollywood was sure that history

Right, another portrait of Catherine the Great as we may assume she really looked, in uniform.

Wide World



Acme

Portrait of the Empress Catherine by Johann Baptist Lampi the elder. The colorful life of Catherine the Great has inspired two current film romances. Read what Grand Duchess Marie says about the cinema conception of the Empress.



What a different Catherine created by Elizabeth Bergner, the great European star! Above, a scene from Bergner's screenplay, "Catherine the Great."

such as it had been lived and recorded would not hold the public's interest, and history had to be rewritten according to Hollywood ideas.

But in the last years this situation has undergone a decided change for the better. The studios possess at present their own reference libraries and their own staffs of technical advisers whose business it is to make the details of a historical production as correct as possible. And now Hollywood is turning out historical pictures the plots of which, although doctored up, are plausible; and the ensemble of which is studied.

The Czinner version of the story of Empress Catherine of Russia reminds one of the good old Hollywood days when from the sheer ignorance of those in authority a historical production on the screen degenerated into a farce.

Yet the story of Empress Catherine such as it was lived by her in reality is worthy of a better treatment. It contains possibilities of drama and romance which have not been touched upon by the director. Catherine was one of the boldest, one of the most interesting figures amongst the rulers of the eighteenth century; and it

EXPOSES ~

Screen's Misinterpretation of History!

By

Grand Duchess Marie



Grand Duchess Marie, member of the last reigning family of imperial Russia, from her most recent portrait. The internationally celebrated author of "Education of a Princess" here gives you an indictment of the inaccuracies in historical films.

was entirely through her own will, intelligence, and ambition that she developed into not only a great stateswoman but also into one of the most enlightened and cultured minds of her time. Since her arrival in Russia as a little German Princess her aim had been to occupy the Russian throne independently and she achieved it. She possessed a dynamic personality, knew how to be patient, but also how to draw advantage from every situation.

When very young she became the wife of a prince who was mentally unbalanced,

Press and public alike applauded Elizabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great." She became, with one picture, a popular screen personage in America. See "Catherine the Great" if you haven't already done so—then be sure to read the Grand Duchess Marie's article on these pages! What do you think?

coarse and uncouth, and whom she loathed from the very beginning of her association with him. Catherine started early to plan and to plot for the future and in this planning displayed cleverness and cunning which were surprising in one as inexperienced as she was. At

no time was she the pathetic little figure, the love-sick bride with eyes brimming over with tears which Elizabeth Bergner has to make of the youthful but firmly scheming Catherine.

Catherine at that period of her life led a retired existence in her
(Continued on page 95)



"NAT" and "GOOGIE"



Otherwise
Burns and Allen!
News about this famous
team of screen, stage and air

By Leonard Hall

George and Gracie to you; "Nat" and "Googie" to each other—don't ask us why. They're off for Europe, and they'd rather not talk about Gracie's brother, if you don't mind.

YOUR correspondent discovered "Nat" and "Googie" at home only after a thorough search of the twenty-second floor of a great New York hotel.

If "Nat" and "Googie" had been found, instead, at 42nd Street and Broadway, they would be Mr. George Burns and Miss Gracie Allen, at whose screen shadows thousands scream nightly, and whose voices, wafted weekly over the ether, bring joy to countless American homes.

I thought it would be much jollier to discover the famed team "at home," which to these veteran troupers is anywhere their wardrobe trunks are dropped by perspiring porters. In these surroundings, they become "Nat," which is George's real name, and "Googie," which is the giggling Gracie's pet name.

Burns and Allen were names famous and beloved by American vaudeville fans before ever a tube-set

squawked or a screen squeaked. They had played every theatre, op'ry house, lodge-hall, and tent between Portland and Portland.

Without warning, vaudeville was shot from under them by a barrage of talking pictures. Instead of looking for the nearest breadline, the pair found movie magnates and radio tycoons hurling great masses of American money at them. After years of the modestly paid two-and-three-a-day, they became the ultimate product of a world gone talkie-mad and radio-daffy.

But before we prod deeper into the life and times of these charming products of our slightly goofy era, let us print the news about them. News of our flickering favorites is considered of general public interest.

This, then, is the news in re Burns and Allen.

Item One: They are going to adopt a baby! The white heat of this news is slightly modified by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Burns are (*Continued on page 70*)

Travelers' Return!

The happy Arlens are
back home—and glad of
it! Dick tells you all
about their vacation

By
Laura Benham



*"We enjoyed every minute
of the trip, but"—and
Dick's smile said the rest,
"we are mighty glad to be
back."*

*Dick, Joby, and
Dick, Jr.—they
hit the high spots
of Europe, and
remembered the
best moments of
their trip to re-
count to you.
Richard, Sr.,
rushed back to
Hollywood to
make a new pic-
ture, "Ready for
Love," in which
he will appear
again with Ida
Lupino.*



A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

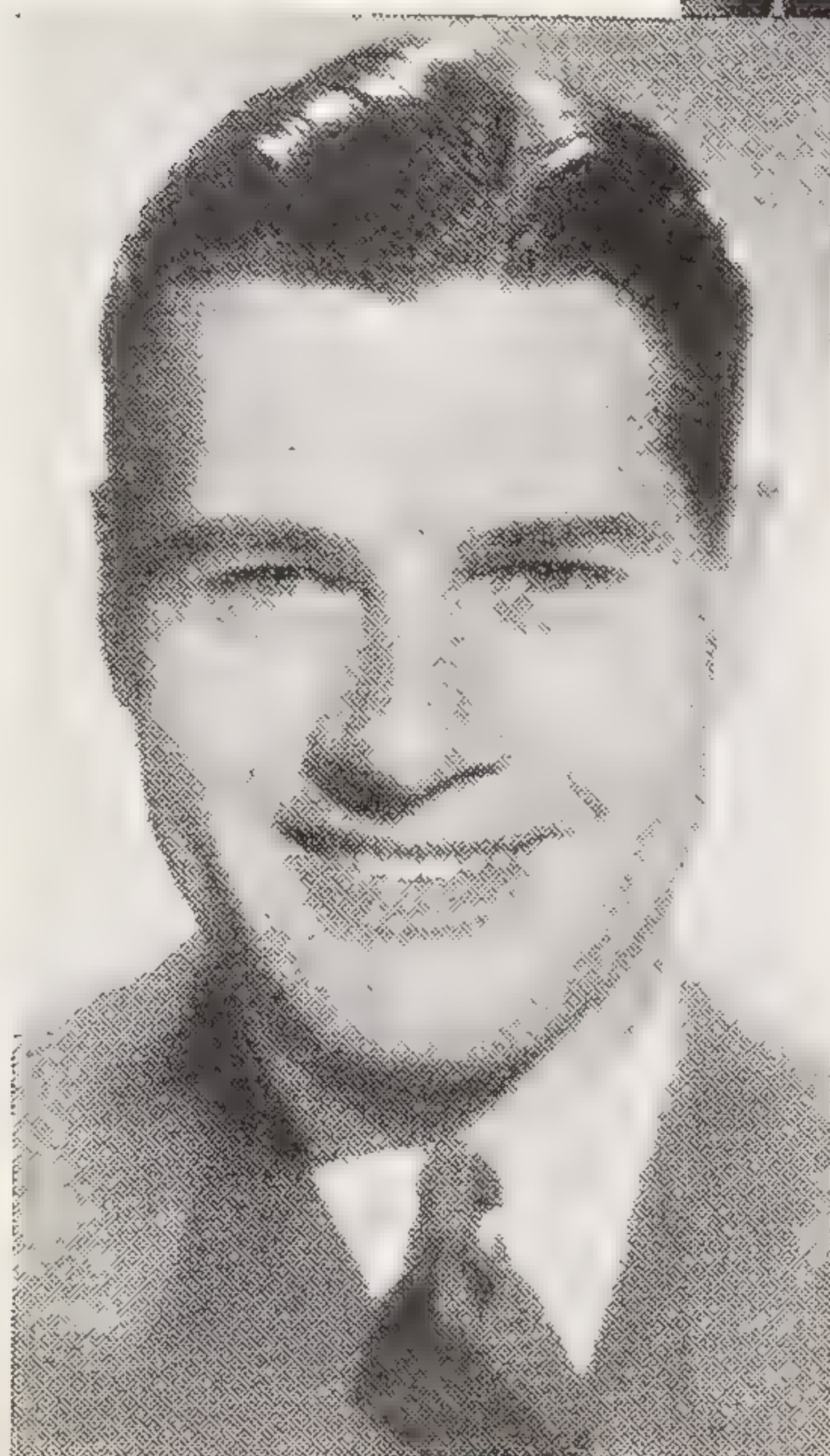
RICHARD and Jobyna Ralston Arlen have often been called the sanest and most unaffected couple in Hollywood.

From the beginning they have been thoroughly consistent in maintaining their sense of proportion and retaining their perspective. More than any other members of the cinema colony they are typical of the average young American and his wife.

This complete normalcy characterizes everything they do and was proven anew by their account of their recent vacation abroad—their first. For during the two months that they spent in the Old World, they saw Europe not through the eyes of two celebrities, but as any keen-minded young couple might view it—with respect and appreciation, with sympathy and a sense of humor.

And upon their return, they related their experiences with a candor and ingenuousness seldom encountered in the world's acclaimed.

"We had a grand time—but we're glad to be back," they greeted me in unison when I saw them soon after



they arrived in New York. "Europe was great and we enjoyed every minute of our trip. But trying to cover so much territory and see so many things within a limited time is very tiring. We'll need a long rest in Hollywood to recover from our vacation!"

"And for our bank-balance to recover," Dick added with a grin. "There
(Continued on page 82)

KAY FRANCIS

and

BILL POWELL

Talk About Each Other



DECORATING Kay Francis' dressing-room is a treasured collection of photographs of the handsome heroes with whom she has played during her film career. Ronald Colman, Ricardo Cortez, Richard Barthelmess, and many others—for Kay's screen life is spent collecting masculine hearts.

In the most prominent spot of all is a large picture bearing the inscription: "*From your perennial lover, Bill Powell.*"

Kay explained, in that deep, husky voice so familiar to us on the screen: "Yes, we've been lovers in six pictures—but our romances never include the 'happy-ever-after' sequence. Bill always leaves me in the final fade-out!"

She checked them off. "In our first film together, 'Behind the Make-Up,' he committed suicide. In 'Street of Chance,' the only one in which we were really ever married, he was shot. This was my first leading part and I was terribly upset for fear my work wouldn't be good enough for a Powell picture. But he was so fine through it all, helping and encouraging me, and by the time it was finished I had gained a new confidence.

"In 'For the Defence' poor Bill was sent to jail, and in 'One Way Passage' we both died! In 'The Jewel Robbery,' he went away and I followed him, according to the scenario." She added with a laugh, "I hope I caught him!"

"If I had been in 'The Key,' Bill's last picture under his Warner contract, as it was first planned, it would have been the old story again—he would have left me!



Kay Francis smiles as she talks about Bill—you'll know why when you read what she said.

"Oh yes, and in 'Ladies' Man,' he was killed, thrown off a high balcony—just after we had straightened out our romance, too!"

"I remember when we started 'Ladies' Man' we were neither one so enthusiastic over the story, and we've often laughed at B. P. Schulberg's clever strategy in arousing our interest. He patted us on the back and told Bill that no other actor was as capable of endowing the difficult character with the necessary qualities. Then he explained that there were three reasons why he put *me* into the picture. First, the movie audiences wanted to see us together again. Of course, this was his trump card and it pleased us immensely. Then he said my part was a sappy one and he was sure I would make it less sappy. The third reason was that Bill died in the end and left me and that was what the fans expected from us!"

With William Powell and Kay Francis, the screen's fashion-plates and super-sophisticates, playing in six pictures together without a single flare-up nor a tiny scrap or even a hasty word, not *one*, who dares to say film stars are temperamental?

"Congenial? Oh, very," Kay brushed aside my question. "Making a picture with Bill is always a grand adventure. He's generous to work with, has an unfailing sense of humor, is witty, has a fine code of honor, and is so essentially a gentleman under all conditions.

"I shall never forget when we started 'The Jewel Robbery.' I was worn out having made four pictures in a row, finishing the last one at seven o'clock one night and starting 'The Jewel Robbery' (Continued on page 72)



Kay and Bill tell you what they think of each other as acting partners as well as personalities behind the make-believe of their rôles as screen lovers

By Maude Cheatham

WHEN I mentioned his many pictures with Kay Francis, I met an enthusiastic response from William Powell.

"Playing opposite Kay has been one of my happiest experiences since coming to the screen," he said, warmly. "She is not only a fine actress but a grand girl."

"We've worked and played together so long that I couldn't settle on any single quality I admire most. We've made pictures at both Paramount and Warners studios, where we were both under contract. Also, we have gone around with the same little social group. She knew Carole very well (meaning Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell)—and I knew Kenneth MacKenna. (Meaning Kay's recently divorced husband.)"

"Kay is deliciously feminine, with a thoroughly unconscious lure that captivates everyone. She's a very real person, vital, alive. She's well-read and is a stimulating conversationalist. Kay also is blessed with a gorgeous humor, and with an uncanny understanding of a man's mental processes she always gets his viewpoint. She's sincere, a square-shooter, a real comrade."

"An amusing thing about us when we are together is that as we become interested or excited we both drop into a fluttery stammer. She goes *ah-ah-ah*, while I stutter *fu-fu-fu*. By the time we come to we're speechless with laughter. So is everyone else who hears us."

We were chatting over luncheon at Bill's home in Beverly Hills. There was a serene and comfortable atmosphere pervading the beautiful rooms. With efficient servants the "feminine touch" seems no longer necessary



William Powell generalizes about women—but when he speaks of Kay, that is another topic altogether!

in maintaining the perfect home.

It was a little disconcerting, I admitted to myself, as I watched the butler's quiet serving of a menu no woman's planning could excel. The French windows opened onto the patio and a garden, gay in a riot of flowers. Beyond, I could see the swimming pool with its shimmering reflection of the cypress hedge, fragrant in the noon-day sun.

It was peaceful and very pleasant. There were no outward evidences of heartbreak or disillusionment anywhere around, yet this was the very house where Bill and Carole spent their brief life together. I wondered just how deep the crashing of his romance went in his heart. He appeared to be the same suave and poised Mr. Powell.

I spoke of this: the *suave* and *poised*. I was biding my time to speak of Carole.

"Ah, be sure and call me suave and polished! Add sophisticated, too! Every story about me dwells and dwells on these adjectives," and he flashed a little-boy grin, not in the least sophisticated.

"If you but knew what it cost me to attain these qualities!" he teased. "Believe me, they were laboriously cultivated through years of effort. As a boy in school just beginning to dream of a stage career I was handicapped by an inferiority complex. Tragic as this was, it urged me on to self-expression. I yearned to have poise, to be suave above all else in the world, and in my determination to become an actor I forced myself to assume the characteristics and mannerisms of other people. I play-acted to myself, continually."

"Ten years on the stage (Continued on page 72)

The Stars' Studio Homes



Two views, above and at right, of the quarters where Greta Garbo applies make-up and relaxes between "takes" on the set. Garbo designed her dressing-room herself, and it expresses her Spartan simplicity.



Mae West poses before the mirror in her own dressing-room before leaving to face the cameras in a scene for "It Ain't No Sin." She approves—so do we!



Radiating the loveliness of the star to whom it is dedicated, is the dressing-room of Madge Evans, illustrated above, and one of the most attractive in Hollywood.



Observe the pictures left, and above, then guess whose dressing-room! Right! Jean Harlow designed these commodious quarters herself. Expressive of the star's individuality.



You're privileged to peek into the dressing-rooms of your film favorites, personally conducted by SCREENLAND!



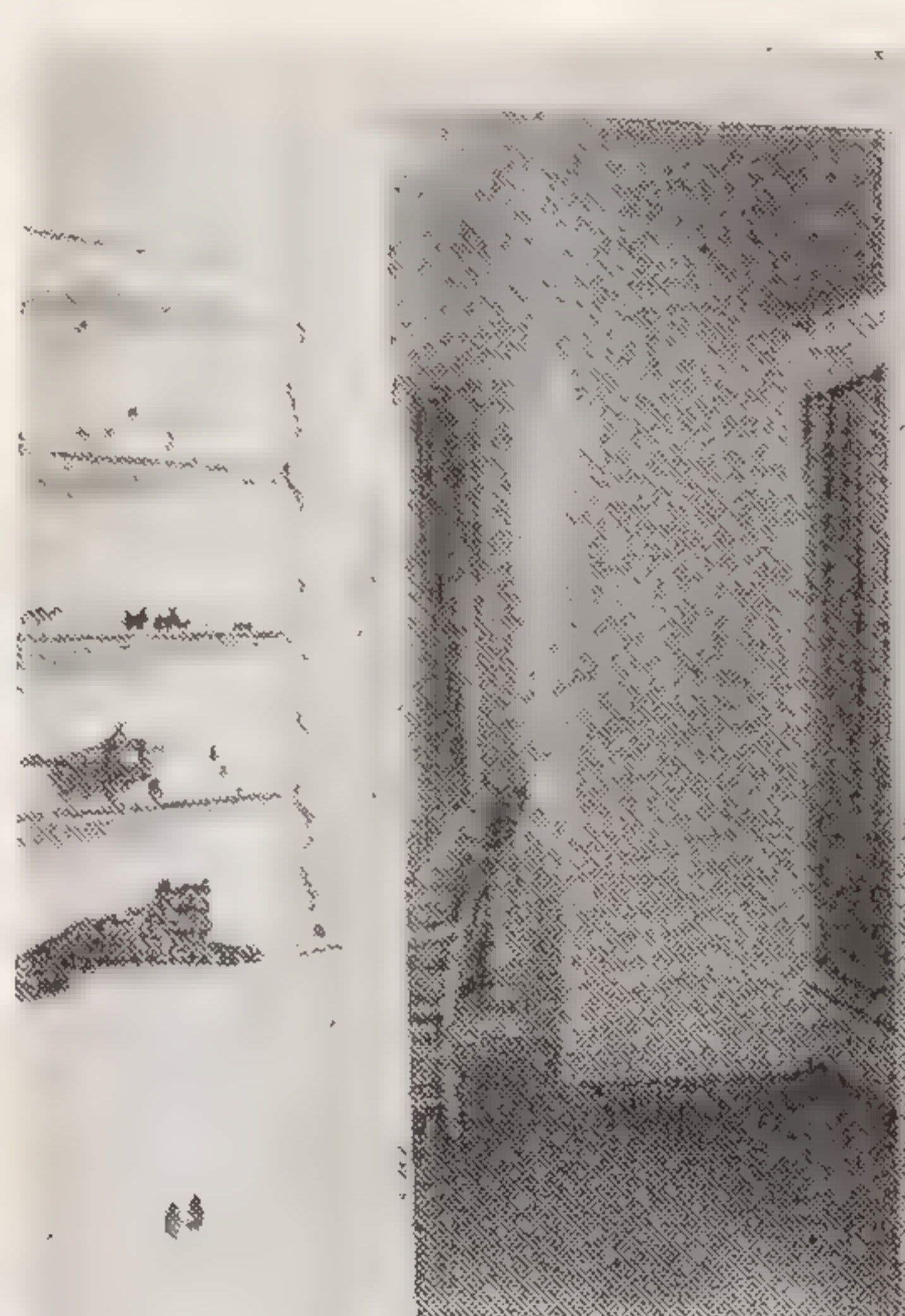
Where the versatile Myrna Loy prepares to face the cameras—revealed above and at the left. A charming and cozy suite, don't you think?



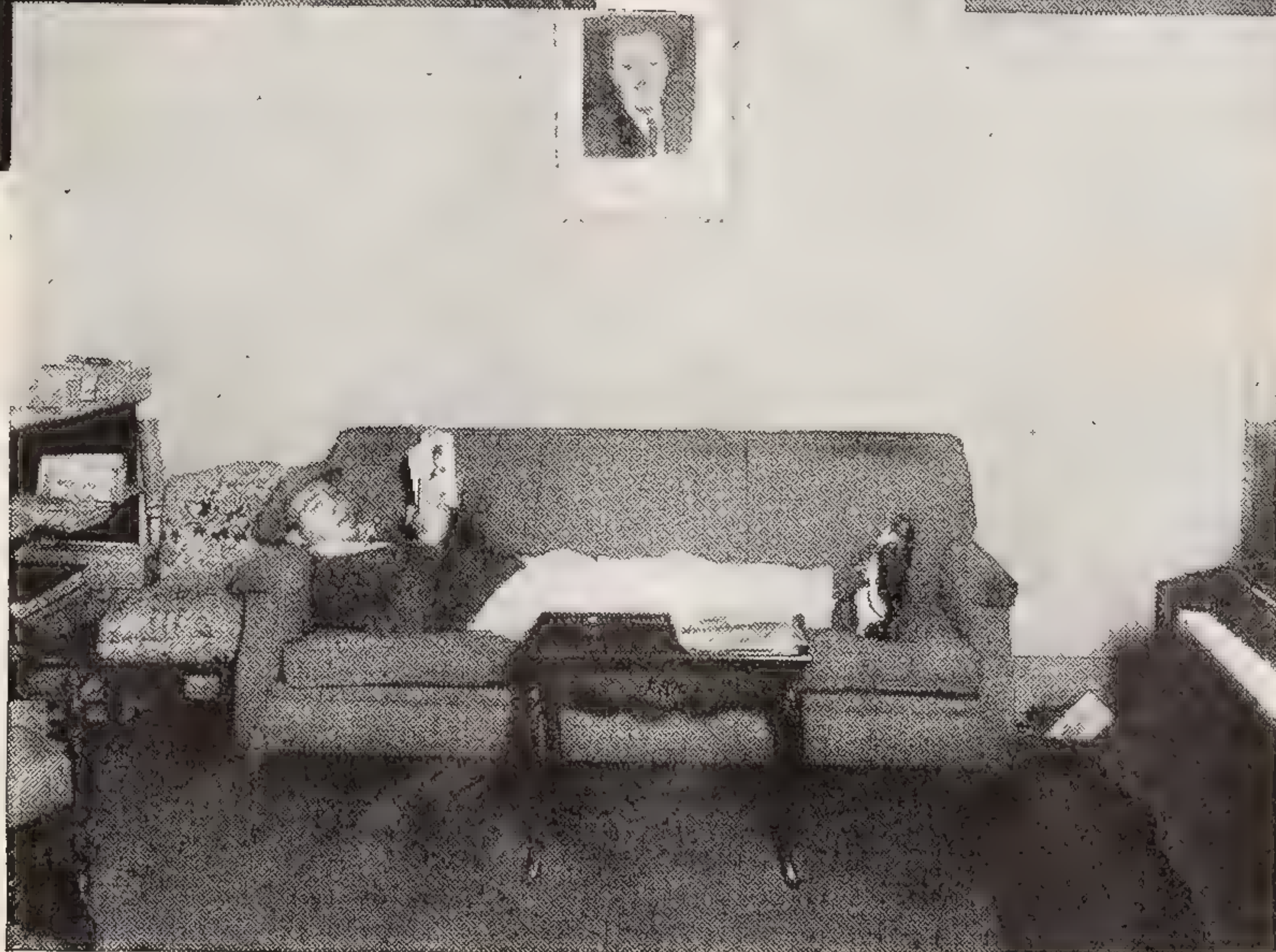
Diana Wynyard's delicate charm is reflected in the decorative scheme of her dressing-room, shown at the left, above.



Clark Gable naturally would select drapes with a decorative motif pertaining to his favorite sport—horsemanship. Above, a corner of the Gable dressing-room.



You can see for yourself who are the favorite actors and actresses of Claudette Colbert—seen above in her dressing-room. The color scheme is white and blue.



Solid comfort amidst the business-like surroundings of an executive's office, is Bing Crosby's idea! See how neatly he has accomplished his plan—picture at left.

Are The Stars

Famous actor breaks long silence! And when a Barrymore finally decides to speak his mind, you hear plenty!

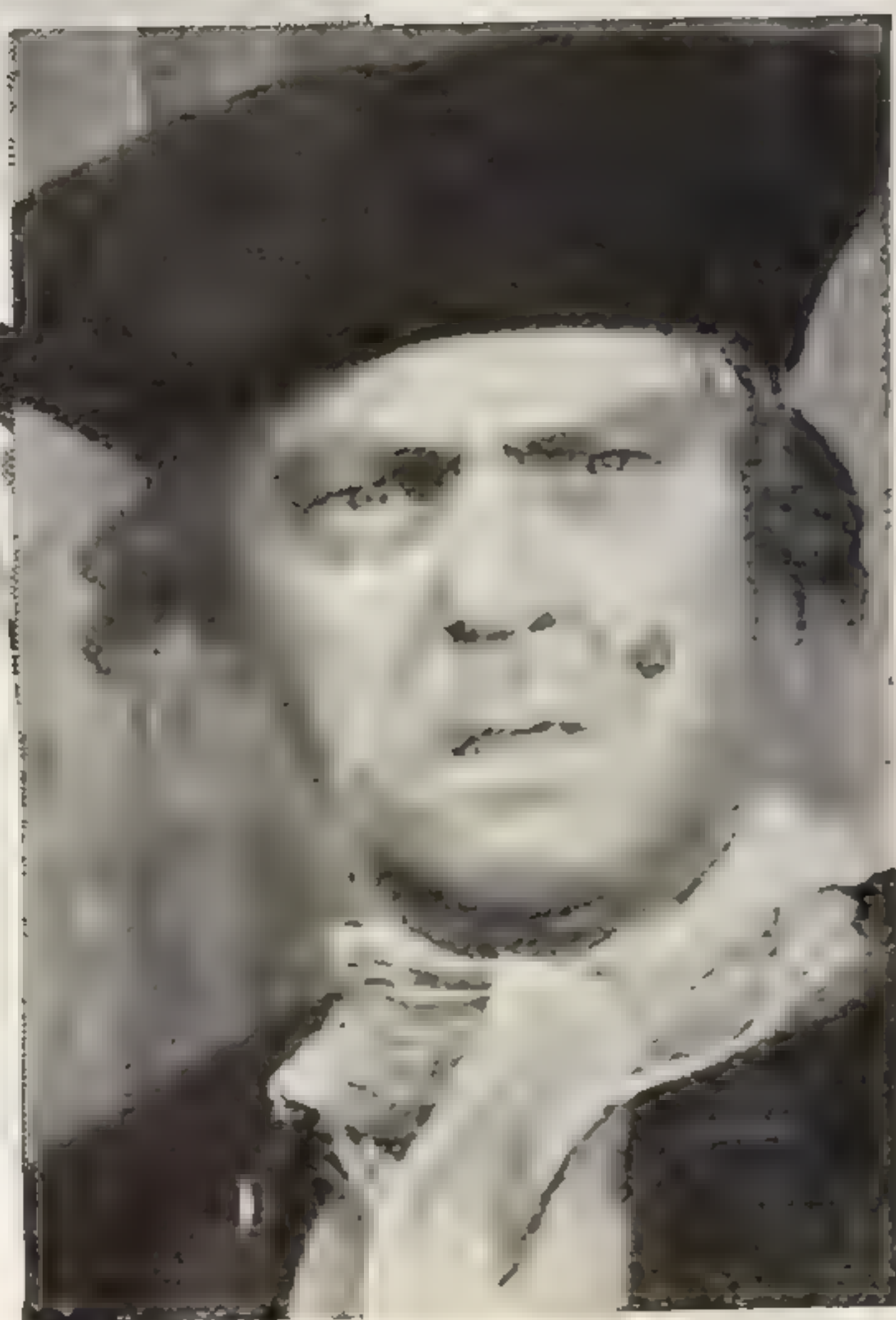
By Henry Albert Phillips



Lionel of the Barrymores with Jean Harlow in the Platinum Blonde's new film, "100% Pure." Don't blame us if that title is changed!

Left, one of Barrymore's most popular recent characterizations—in "Carolina."

Right, Lionel's latest rôle in "Treasure Island" offers him great opportunity.



LIONEL BARRYMORE and I sat in his tower suite in a Park Avenue hotel where Barrymore was domiciled during his Manhattan personal appearance interlude. I kept fancying it was just a Hollywood "set" after all and the interview just another delightful, emotionally dramatic Barrymore play. It became more and more that way as our conversation proceeded.

It was when the subject of censorship of the motion picture was broached, that Lionel Barrymore fairly leaped out of his comfortable chair into action and into "character" of the back-stage Barrymore that one often

hears about but, unfortunately, one very seldom sees.

"It's a curious thing—a damned curious thing, if you ask me!—how here in America we want always to tabulate and to pigeonhole and to label *everything* and everybody! If you are seen crossing Broadway more than twice a day, you are straightway labeled: 'A Broadway Pedestrian!' And then of course you will have to behave like a Broadway Pedestrian—whatever behavior that calls for in their one-tracked mind—or you will be severely criticised for not living up to—or down to—their idea of what you ought to be. It's the same with the screen. They've got it all nicely labeled and tied up with

Overpaid?

*Read What
Lionel
Barrymore
Says!*

■ SCREENLAND SCOOP ■

blue ribbon. Like a pet put in a box and suffocating because a misguided 'friend' hasn't left an airhole to admit sunshine, fresh air and a little freedom of action! I've seen plays curl up and die by inches in production, because the producers were afraid of what critics might say about them, if they were allowed to develop naturally, as every living thing should."

It seemed to me that Mr. Barrymore was taking it all a little too much to heart, until I noticed as he stood there looking out over Park Avenue from our 36-story elevation, that his vision had approximated distant Broadway itself—the Broadway that he had not seen for a period of seven long professional years. Even Broadway had criticized him, for having gone plumb Hollywood. That's what was getting in his hair at the moment. The "Royal Family" of Barrymores never could stand criticism.

"I honestly can't think why my interest in Hollywood should preclude all interest in Broadway, or the other way about. As far as I'm concerned, Hollywood and Broadway do not tread on each other's toes. To me, pictures and the stage are just two different mediums of arriving at the same conclusion—if our critics mean to infer that I am quitting the pictures and going back to the stage. What's the difference to the artist—if he really is an artist and is sincere in wanting to create a work of art, whether it be a motion picture, a stage play or a canvas?"

Mr. Barrymore turned away from the window sharply and gave me a long piercing look, so familiar in decisive moments throughout his screen plays, contracting his brows and wrinkling up his fine sensitive features "in character." Somehow, I had become the villain of this piece—the hypercritical public—and he was putting me on the spot.

"They want to standardize everything," he continued, raising a warning and expressive finger. "Movies, drama, art, places, people! They want to measure them all by the yard; to censor them according to the narrow vision of their own souls; to trim everything, to take the beauty and the personality out of everybody! Hell's bells!"

Mr. Barrymore hurried over to the thermos carafe and took a gulp of ice-water, as though in an effort



So he won't talk, eh? Well, leave it to SCREENLAND to grab the one and only Lionel Barrymore interview! Henry Albert Phillips, noted author, cornered the actor and made him say things which you'll enjoy reading.

to take some of the heat out of his conjectures. It was the resentment of one of the most talented men in pictures against petty criticism. Lionel Barrymore knew and felt what he was talking about, for he could have been equally a great concert pianist or a great painter, if he had followed them to the heights as he had the profession of acting. His work as a motion picture director had astonished the industry.

"It's all futile—a futile gesture!—and one that infuriates me. This widespread public squawking at Hollywood art, Hollywood salaries, Hollywood behavior—Hollywood this and Hollywood that!" He glared at me a moment with a shake of (Continued on page 78)

The Imp *that's known as* Angel!

Here's Heather, whose young life has been more eventful than any film she has ever made!

By
Reeves Harmon

HEAATHER ANGEL'S name really is Heather Angel, though people seldom believe it. She was born in the beautiful university town of Oxford, England, on February 9, 1909—a nice, fat, round baby—and continued like that for some time!

Her early childhood was spent in the historic English town where she came into this world, and she would play in the college gardens, surrounded by old gray walls, with the lazy river Thames slowly drifting by.

The river mists at Oxford are full of secrets and romance—when they rise and curl dimly about the tall towers and spires, they look like great ghosts climbing to Heaven. An imaginative child absorbs a great deal in that atmosphere without knowing it. When she was very small, Heather told a story to her teddy-bear, which began: "Once upon a time, there was a cloud, and it had a bulge on its face, and whiskers which reached from here to Africa—" Pity that story wasn't finished, for it opened up endless possibilities!

Heather's father, Andrea Angel, occupied the position of lecturer and tutor at Christ Church College, in Oxford. He taught chemistry and he would make experiments in his laboratory. When he came home from work Heather and her sister, one year older than herself, would rush at him and say, "What do you smell like today, Daddy?" (Referring to the chemical odors that clung to his clothes!)

War broke out when Heather was five and that changed the family life. Her father went as head chemist in a munition factory, engaging in very dangerous work.

One evening, there was a fire. Hundreds of tons of T. N. T. exploded. Mr. Angel rushed into one of the blazing buildings to rescue some of the firemen—and England said he was one of her greatest heroes. The King awarded the highest medal for bravery under fire, but Heather had lost her father. Though such a little mite, she realized her loss and the great change it



Her name is really Heather Angel! And although she looks so delicate and fragile, she has had a life any movie heroine might envy for thrills and excitement! This story tells you all about it.

brought in her life—new surroundings, a new outlook.

After that, the mother went out to work and the children spent much time on a farm. Heather was quite sure she would become a farmer. She went out early every morning to drive in the cows and could be seen trotting along singing to them, with a bunch of buttercups in her hand as a prod.

She never teased animals as some children do—any stray dog or cat was brought home and cared for tenderly. She had some sort of power over them, for she could take a kitten wild with play and put it to sleep in her arms in less than two minutes. She was the despair of any grown-up who tried to keep her clean or tidy, her favorite sport being to see how high she could climb in a tree or how far she could jump across ditches.

Of course, by this time, Heather had started to school, but if the truth were known she wasn't at all a good girl. Whatever school she attended, the mistresses always thought she'd do better somewhere else! But Heather didn't mind—she liked a change. She had a wonderful faculty, too, for catching things, so generally spent more time in the hospital than in the classroom.

"Heather Angel," demanded the games mistress, angrily, at the end of one (Continued on page 77)



Because she felt she had not had sufficient experience, Miss Trevor turned down her first motion picture offer! She's a young woman of courage, as this exclusive story about her proves to you.

She Said "NO!" *to Thalberg!*

Claire Trevor actually refused a film offer from the famous producer! Read about it!

By
Martin Somers

arrived in town, though," she confesses, "but luckily I came to my senses before too many complications were encountered. I remembered in time the schedule I had set for myself, so the affair went no farther. But sometimes the allurements are very attractive and the going is rather tough."

She's quite frank and above-board, is this gal whose breezy manner has intrigued audiences the country over.

"When I was in Los Angeles several years ago with the 'Whistling In the Dark' company, Ernest Truex' play, several studios took tests of me and Mr. Irving Thalberg, one of the chief executives at M-G-M, called me out to his office and offered me a contract. I told him I didn't want it then;

I wasn't ready for the screen, I preferred to remain on the stage.

"At first, he wouldn't believe I was serious. Here was a girl, still unknown to the general public, who had the temerity to turn down a much-envied contract! It just didn't sound reasonable, for the salary amounted to much more than I was making as Ernest Truex' leading lady on the stage. As I think back, I wonder now how I ever had the nerve to try pictures, after refusing his generous offer. But here I am, and maybe you don't think I'm glad I came to Hollywood!"

You can gather by her turning down a highly remunerative studio contract point-plank just what type of person Claire Trevor really is. She realized she hadn't had enough experience to be successful on the screen. And as long as acting was to be her career, why not wait until she had gained that experience before attempting to crash the movies.

Those who know Claire well, though, will tell you she's like that. Independent!—that's the word that describes her—that and the fact that she's deucedly courageous.

As her first professional engagement, she went to Ann Arbor, Mich., to play in a (*Continued on page 95*)

"I'M NOT going to fall in love, because my heart was broken when I was quite young and I prefer to leave it that way. It saves a lot of time and wear and tear!"

Those, gentle readers, are the words of wisdom as expounded by Claire Trevor, latest of the up-and-at-'em group of actresses, whose acknowledged head is Glenda Farrell. Indeed, Claire and Glenda photograph surprisingly alike, although each retains her own individual characteristics.

Pretty, pert and twenty-two, Claire barged into pictures from the New York stage, and immediately was whisked away to Arizona for a horse opera opposite George O'Brien. While out there in the sage and cactus, trying to emulate the western star in shooting tarantulas and gila monsters with a six-gun, she had plenty of time to map out her future career in the studios—and Section One specified that romance would play no part in it.

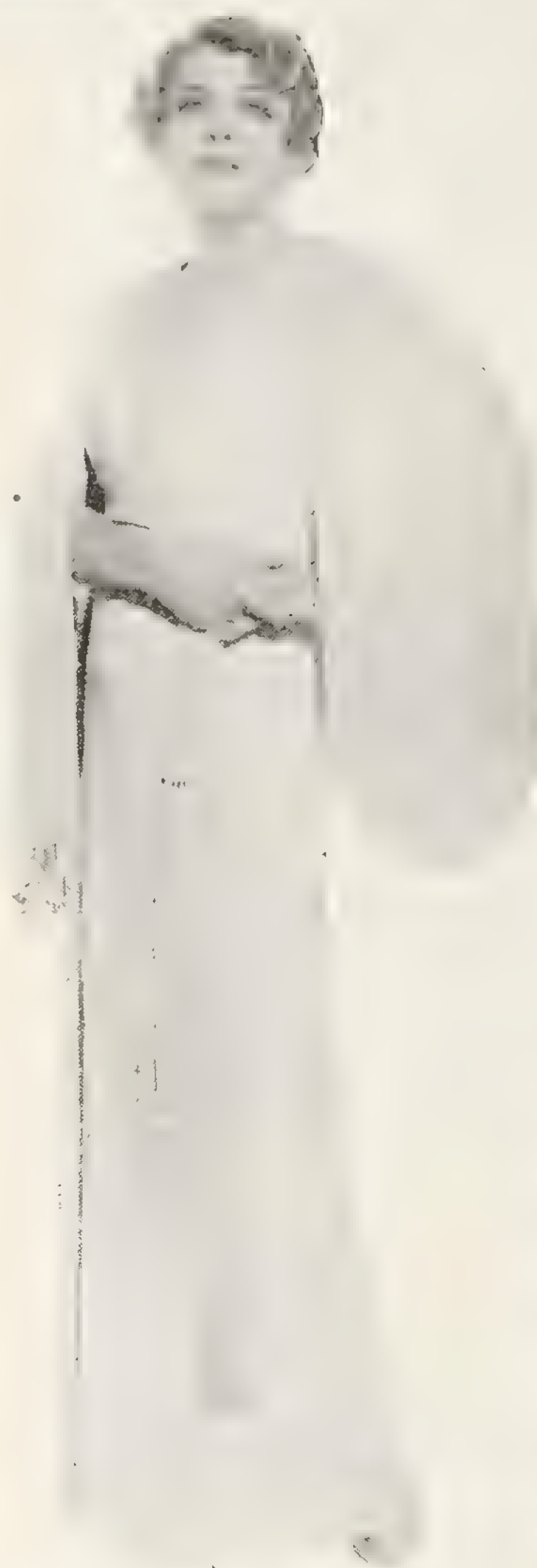
Accordingly, she's making every effort *not* to fall in love, and this, over a period of ten months, is quite an achievement. Particularly, when there are so many desirable males ever at hand, ready and eager to take her places and embark upon a cruise of domestic bliss.

"I almost had another heartbreak shortly after I

How To Have



Gail Patrick, selected by James Davies as the Hollywood actress with the best shaped arms.



Mary Boland, right, has the finest carriage of any actress in pictures, according to Davies.



Sylvia Sydney, left, possesses the prettiest back, says James Davies.

If you really wish to achieve that glorious figure you have dreamed about, follow the advice given here by James Davies, Hollywood's favorite physical culturist. Famous screen stars swear by the Davies methods. Now you, too, may find the way to health and loveliness by making the most of our exclusive series of articles, of which this is the third



Who has the loveliest legs? Marlene Dietrich, says Mr. Davies. Do you agree?

LAST month I told you how to build yourself up, and the month before that I explained how to take off surplus weight.

But there are many of you who feel that you are neither very much underweight or overweight, as a whole—the trouble is you're fat *here* and skinny *there*!

I've seen girls with lovely feet and legs whose hip measurements were out of all reason, and I've heard girls with otherwise beautiful figures bemoaning the thickness of their ankles.

Maybe you are half satisfied with your reflection when you look in the mirror; maybe you feel that if only something could be done about your round shoulders, or your incipient double chin, or your big waist, you could give Marlene Dietrich a run for her money; maybe you're right!

Accompanying this article is a schedule giving measurements of seven glamorous actresses together with the measurements of the cele-



Here's Jim Davies Practicing What He Preaches!

Have you been following this series of exclusive articles in which James Davies, physical culture advisor to such noted stars as Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Mae West, and many others, gives you exactly the same exercises that he uses to help the stars achieve and maintain their Hollywood figures? If not, start right now—this, the third article in the series, is just as fascinating as the first and second. And now—we take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Davies will answer the most interesting questions as to weight, building-up, and other essentials of that Hollywood figure. Mr. Davies cannot answer your questions by mail, neither can he answer all of your letters; but he will personally select the letters of most general interest and his answers will be published in SCREENLAND. Address your letters to Mr. James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

That Hollywood Figure!

brated Venus de Milo—and what are regarded as the “ideal” measurements of beauty.

How do you check up?

Remember that you must take into account the difference in size and weight of bone structure, so don't feel too badly if your weight is more than Sylvia Sidney's, even though your measurements seem very much the same.

After you've measured yourself, go back and look at yourself in the mirror. Stand the way you habitually do. Does your abdomen stick out? Do your shoulders sag forward? Is there a suggestion of another chin? Or have you a hollow where your chest ought to be?

Your measurements may be all that anyone could wish, and yet all these things may be true.

It's the way you hold yourself!

Mary Boland and Mae West both carry themselves well. So does Miriam Hopkins. (Continued on page 68)



Slimmest hips of any movie star belong to Carole Lombard, Davies decrees.



Nicest ankles? Well, James Davies, who is Miriam's physical culturist, selects Miss Hopkins, shown here in tennis togs.



Most beautiful neck and shoulders of any screen queen —Claudette Colbert.

Do HOLLYWOOD FIGURES Rival the Venus de Milo's?



P. E. Chauffourier

The classic ideal of beauty, the Venus de Milo.

	Weight	Height	Neck	Bust	Waist	Hips
Marlene Dietrich	120	5-5	13 1/2	38	30	41
Claudette Colbert	107	5-3	13 1/2	34	26	35
Sylvia Sidney	104	5-3	12 1/2	35	25 1/2	36
Gail Patrick	120	5-7	13	35	25	38
Miriam Hopkins	105	5-2	13 1/2	34 1/2	27	37
Carole Lombard	112	5-4	13	34 1/2	24 1/2	37
Mary Boland	125	5-4	15	39	30	48
Venus de Milo			14.8	34	31.2	40.8
Ideal Girl						
(24-25 yrs. old)	130	5-5	13	33	25 1/2	35 3/4

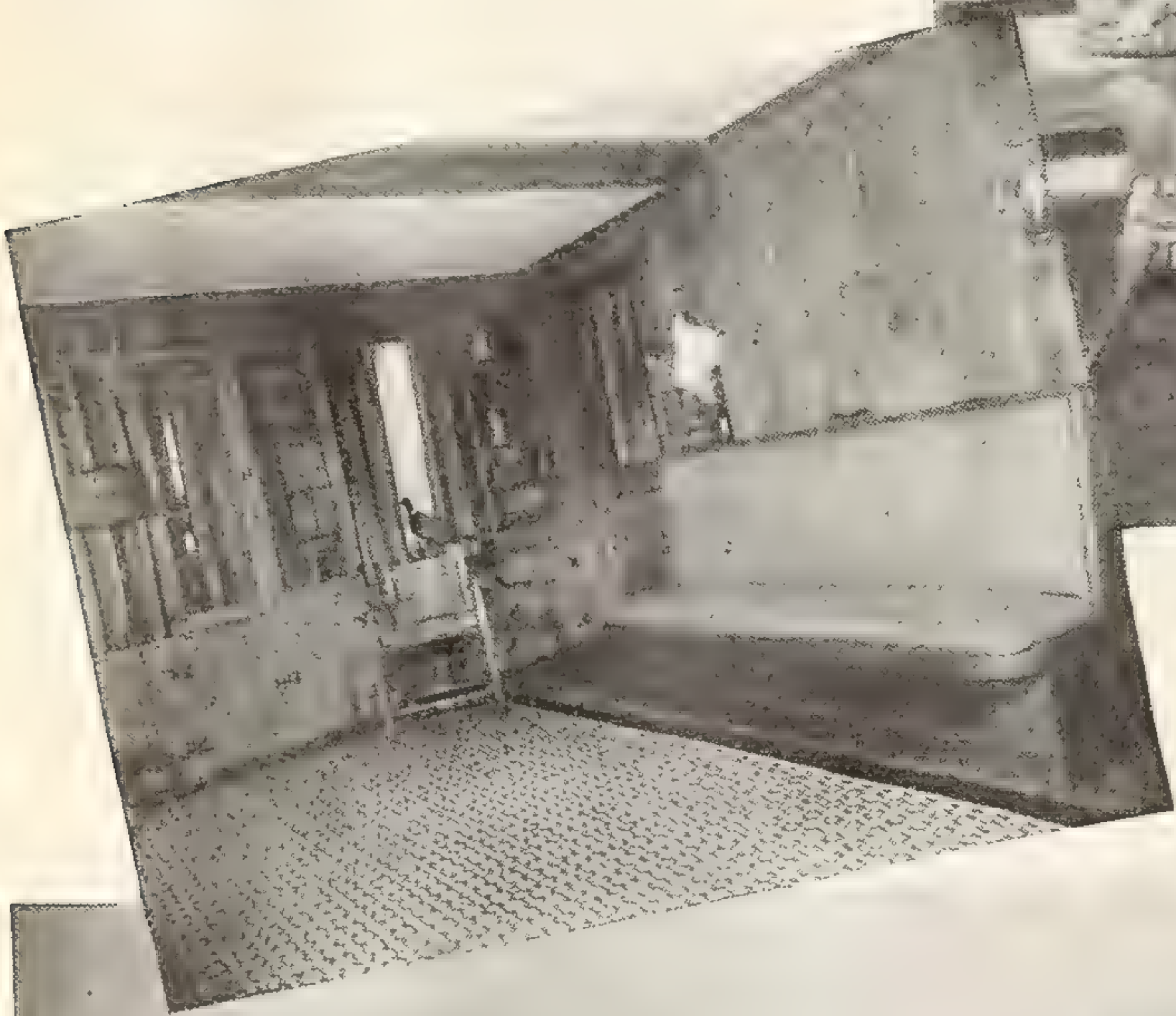


Bob himself, whose li'l gay home in the East is here shown to his fan friends for the first time.

Reproductions of the interiors of Robert Montgomery's eastern home courtesy of E. Gilbert Mason, interior designer. Photographs by Percy Rainford, N. Y.

Montgomery's New Home

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!



The living room is shown in the large picture at the top, with its original beams, its furniture especially designed and made, its Early American design wall-paper. The carpet is green, the draperies brown, red, and yellow glazed chintz with calico flowers. At the left, living room from another view. Gun room, at left above, has knotty pine paneling, the original beams, doors, and hardware, built-in gun closet, and linen draperies in brown, tan, and green stripes. In the view of the dining room, directly above, note the unusual saw-buck table with refectory ends, from an original design; the ladder-back chairs, the floor-covering adapted from a hand-made carpet.

YOU'VE seen hundreds of pictures of stars "at home." Gorgeous or gaudy, palatial or merely pretentious; designed by Bill Haines or other expensive decorators, the movie mansions are well worth looking at. But most of them seem to smack of Hollywood, don't they? They're show places, somehow. Now here's something different! The favorite home of the Robert Montgomerys—they have two, for they must live in Hollywood while Bob is working—is a remodeled farmhouse near Pawling, in Montgomery's native state of New York. The house was built in 1812; all the original charm has been retained. The job of interior designing is something to cheer about. You folks who sigh when you see the average screen star's home, as being too lavish in taste, will want to study these exclusive photographs, for they present the cheerful, comfortable American home at its best. E. Gilbert Mason is the interior designer. Mr. Mason, by the way, will soon be designing interiors directly for the screen; he is one of the youngest and cleverest artists in his field. The Montgomerys are enjoying their new home as you will enjoy these views revealing its decorative scheme and commodious features.

When a Hollywood star builds a new mansion, that's nice. But when a Hollywood star remodels an old farmhouse in his native Eastern state and makes it his permanent home, that's NEWS! And here we're giving you the very first, only, and exclusive views of Robert Montgomery's private retreat, where he spends all his vacations and where he plans to retire—some day in the distant future!



The master bedroom in the Montgomerys' Early American home offered an interesting problem to the interior designer, E. Gilbert Mason. He solved it by designing all the furniture to conform with the scale of the room, to accommodate the low ceiling and slope of roof. At the right, a view of one end of the room, showing the fireplace grouping. Directly above, the dressing-room off the master bedroom: built-in dressing table with white organdie ruffles, repeated in the revolving stool. The large picture, top, above, shows the wall-paper and draperies of the master bedroom to advantage: paper is green and white with touch of yellow; draperies are glazed chintz with yellow predominating. Right above, the canopy beds, antique pine finish.



Study these close-ups of the famous "Papa" and "Mama" as they appeared in some of the screen's merriest domestic dilemmas, and you will recognize the characterizations they gave in such pictures as "Six of a Kind," "If I Had a Million" and some other favorites.



Mary!



THE screen's laugh team, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, chorused: "Of course, we enjoy our comedies together!"—in such perfect unison that I accused them of rehearsing the line.

"I'm not really so funny," began Charlie. "I'm just the guy who laughs when he sees a man fall off the curb and the next minute runs to help him up. But thank God, I am blessed with a humor that gets over on the screen for look where it has carried me—playing with Mary Boland!"

"Not funny!" exclaimed Mary, brushing aside the compliment. "You have the keenest sense of the ridiculous and can create a humorous character—timid, bashful, oozing inferiority complexes of every kind—or a boastful Lothario. You're so human and real, too, that the audience holds out its hand in sympathy even while it laughs."

We were having a merry threesome chat in Ruggles' dressing-room. Mary had been describing the costume she wore as a queen of a South Sea island, in "Down to Their Last Yacht," which she recently made for another studio; and Charlie was making a hilarious bluff at being shocked.

He wailed dramatically, "When she leaves her home studio she gets into mischief! In our pictures together she is a modest woman, wearing real clothes, not merely a feather duster and a hula-hula skirt. Why, 'Mama,' I blush for you! Tell 'Papa,' did you flirt with the shipwrecked crew?"

Mary settled herself into a comfortable corner of Charlie's big davenport, then flashed him a wicked smile. "All of them, dearie, all of them! It was very exciting."

"In our comedies I am always so respectably married that I never have a chance to go on the make for a handsome stranger. I'm the dumb but dutiful wife, saying and doing embarrassing things but adoring my husband."

Why, I have worn the same wedding ring in all our pictures together."

"You'll notice, too," explained Charlie, with a grin, "that it is the old-fashioned plain band ring that keeps couples together, not a studded-with-diamonds bauble that slips off so readily. We're that kind of people; once married we stay married!"

"And our love scenes are always sweet," put in Mary, "not the least sexy, though Charlie could get away with murder; his whimsical innocence would carry him anywhere. He has a deft comedy technique that gives plausibility to every scene and it is easy to laugh with him."

"Ah," gaily retorted Charlie, "and here's one for you! No matter how broad the comedy, Mary retains her sweetness, a certain feminine dignity. She always looks so pretty, too."

"Our characters do not depend upon youth or beauty," continued Mary. "We try to reach out and show our audiences more than one phase of life, developing the little homey incidents that come to every married couple."

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland divulge, for the first time, their trade secrets. Now you can learn just how they make you laugh!

By Sydney Valentine



Charlie!



"I'm not really so funny," said Charlie. "Not *funny*?" sniffed Mary—and for the moment it appeared that this rare interview might develop into a re-enactment of some of the scenes from their films illustrated here. But they went right on telling on and about each other.

"Our love scenes are reserved for the screen," she continued. "We never see each other out of the studio. I've never been on a party with Charlie, never even had a luncheon or dinner date with him. This isn't surprising when you consider that we neither one go about much. Charlie's one dissipation is going to the weekly fights. The height of my social gaiety is an evening at bridge.

"No, we didn't know each other while on the New York stage. Our first picture together was 'Secrets of a Secretary,' with Claudette Colbert and made at the Astoria studio, in New York. But we never once encountered each other either on or off the screen. We were introduced after we came to Hollywood and started to make 'The Night of June 13th.' I recall I eyed him with interest!"

"Ha, ha!" flipped Charlie, "how much deeper the interest had you known how many times we would be married! We're on a cinematic marital vacation right now but our comedies are to go on and on, for we are scheduled to make three or four each year. Our next will be 'Her Master's Voice.'"

Leisurely relighting his favorite pipe, Ruggles continued, "The art of nonsense is a necessary part of living and comedy is the most fascinating phase of the acting profession. But it is serious business. A laugh sequence is a fragile thing and may topple into a heap with one false step that destroys the illusion being built up.

"Our comedies deal with realities, with the simple, everyday incidents that all married people are familiar with. They see themselves in the embarrassing predicaments we are enacting and they respond to the comic aspects.

"Odd about comedy! It is always in demand, yet it hasn't the lasting qualities of drama. Think back and you'll find that the plays and pictures that linger in your mind are built of drama, not (Continued on page 91)

"Do you realize, Mary," bantered Charlie, "that we've had more bedroom scenes than any other couple on the screen and with less excitement? Even the censors do not bother us."

"Our most amusing scenes were in 'If I Had a Million,'" she grew reminiscent. "'Mama Loves Papa,' was a lot of fun to make, but 'Six of a Kind,' she shuddered, "was the hardest."

"Especially the cliff scenes?" teased Charlie. "Poor Mary, she almost passed out with nervous jitters making those. Walking backwards and at the count of four to plunge off the cliff into space was a tough job. They spent three days on that sequence and it began to look as if I would not have a wife to complete the journey to California."

"I noticed that you didn't think stepping off that mountain to rescue me was such a lark," she bantered.

"Tut, tut, perhaps my bravery didn't shine brightly at that moment but we won't go into that. We'll just pray the act doesn't establish a cycle to be repeated in other films."

May Robson's Romance!

It's one of Hollywood's sweetest, revealed here for the first time

By
Whitney Williams



A BEAUTIFUL new romance has been unearthed in Hollywood—but never in a million years would you be able to guess the identity of the two principals!

They're May Robson and her son, Edward Gore, a prominent broker in New York! This adoration has existed for many years, but only recently has it come to light, an affection surpassing in reverence and feeling that experienced by the average mother and son.

Ever since her son was old enough to read, May Robson has written him a letter every day—and not a day has passed since that memorable occasion when he laboriously penned out his first childish message that he hasn't sent his mother some greeting.

Sometimes it would be in a theatre when she was thousands of miles away from him; sometimes, on trains or waiting in a stuffy depot while a blizzard raged outside, on the station platform of a one-night stand, in the mountains and in cities; wherever she might be, May Robson never failed to write that daily letter to her son. And, as regularly, his letters were dropped in the mailbox, oftentimes not reaching her for several weeks.

This lovely secret was discovered while Miss Robson, awaiting a scene



Her boys! You'll enjoy reading all about them here.

One of America's grandest troupers through the years, May Robson has a following envied by many a younger star. This story presents her in a new and unusual light.

for her latest picture, "You Can't Buy Everything," was caught inscribing a note on the smooth surface of a paper bag. When questioned, she revealed for the first time this lasting devotion which every woman will understand.

A tender expression creeps over the veteran actress' features whenever she speaks of her son. As we talked, later, in the patio of her Mexican home in Beverly Hills, sitting beside a cage of love-birds and yellow finches and under three stately sycamores, she looked radiantly happy.

That morning's post had brought the message, "All's well. Too busy to write. Big deal pending. Wish me luck. Love. Edward." Brief as it was, that billet meant as much as though it had consumed seventeen pages.

"Sometimes we write many pages and again nothing more than a few lines," she explained, "but we know, Edward and I, that each is thinking of the other. Most of my life has been spent away from my (Continued on page 80)



May Robson created the part of Mary Roberts Rinehart's popular spinster heroine in the dramatization of "Tish." She will be seen in her famous rôle on the screen soon.

Helen Hayes Tells Why She'll Retire *from* Films!

HELEN HAYES has made her choice!

She told me about it shortly after she read that interesting article in the May issue of SCREENLAND—"Have They a Right to a Private Life?"—in which James Marion contended that a picture actress must be willing to let interviewers make her private life the property of the public as part of the bargain between the public and the actress who has accepted fame and wealth in return.

Two years ago when Helen entered pictures she had handled interviews in a simple, business-like manner as a part of picture making. Although she bewailed the fact that she wasn't an actressy



Helen ponders the future—and as always her first thought is for her beloved daughter, Mary MacArthur, whom you see at the left. Helen, don't hurry that retirement plan, please!

"I've made my choice!" says the great little trouser. But will Hollywood change her mind?

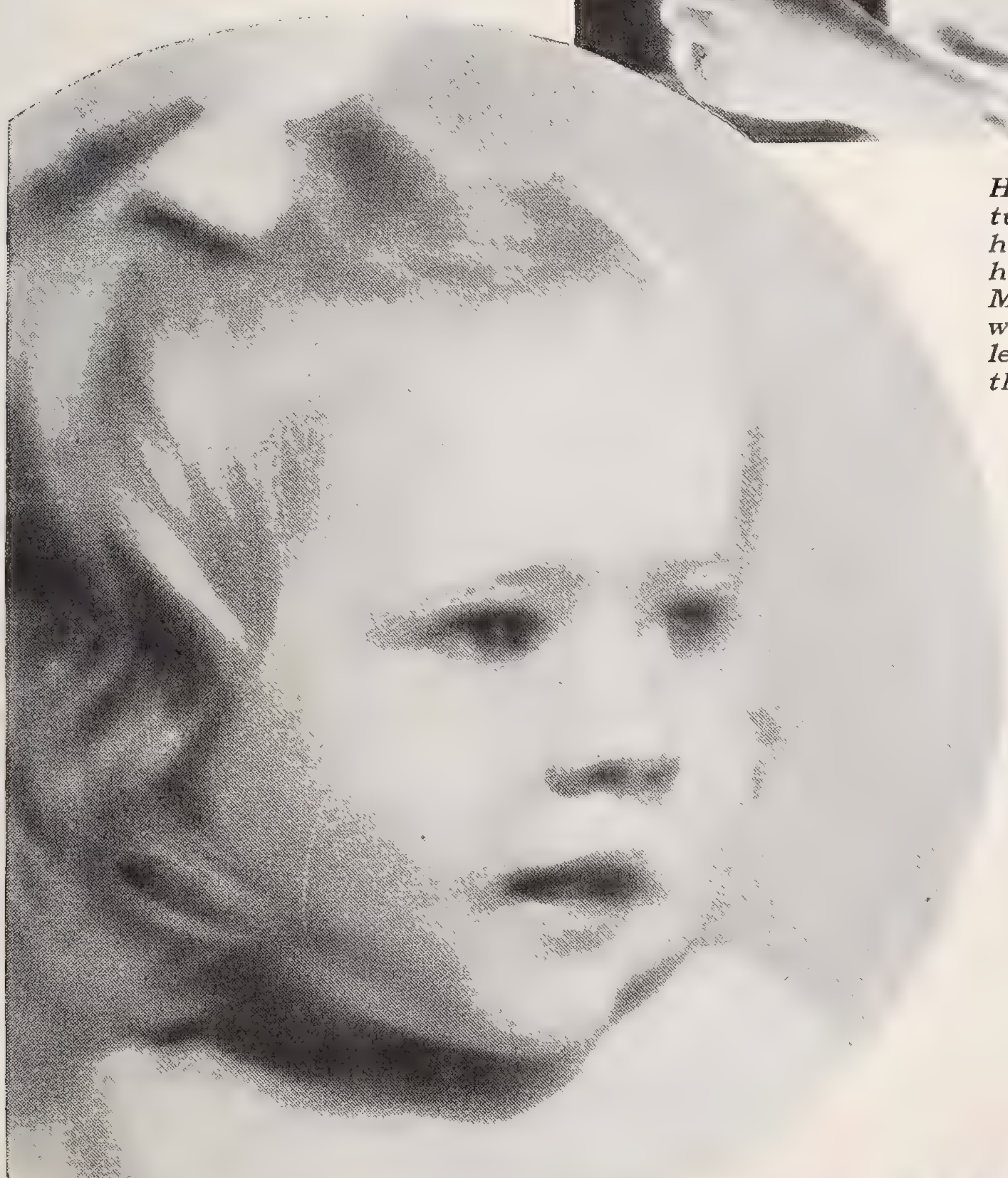
By
*Dena
Reed*

actress who made good copy, she had told me in one hour over lunch enough about herself to make three saleable stories for which my landlord and myself were duly grateful!

Now that Helen was returning to pictures after such a successful stage run in "Mary of Scotland" I had wanted to see her again and interview her own Mary. Helen said she didn't want to talk about the child. She didn't want to use her motherhood for publicity purposes. Nevertheless she wasn't in sympathy with the new attitude stars were taking about publicity, and so we made a date for dinner to talk the situation over.

The thing I love Helen Hayes for is not just her great acting but her great honesty. Aside from genius, wealth, and fame, Helen as a human being seems to speak my language.

What can you do with a girl who has just finished playing a queen and who sallies forth with "goulashes" to match your own and has fun sharing your umbrella? At a nearby restaurant over dinner Helen told me exactly how she felt about (Continued on page 93)



*Albert
Petersen*

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

ANY GIRL CAN *learn to* ACT!

So says Pat Patterson,
and confides her own
experience to prove it!



You don't really know Pat Patterson until you read this exclusive story! The little English girl is as interesting as she is pretty, as she demonstrates in this interview.

By
Dell
Hogarth



Charles Boyer, the lucky man in Pat's life! They met—and three days later they were married!

PAT PATTERSON is just like a champagne bubble bursting into life. Petite, blond, she has the effervescence that goes with suppressed excitement. Her eyes are grey-green and twinkle, her complexion limpid, her cheeks colored by the sturdy climate of England. She is talking before you have a chance to ask any questions.

"What do you think of my marriage? Think it's a good idea?"

"I think it's splendid. Congratulations!"

"You'd better say that!" she enthuses. "Let's pop over and see him now—my husband."

On the way to Charles Boyer's dressing-room she talks brightly of many things. It is difficult to imagine a life so varied and eventful in one so young. A star on the London stage and screen; appearing in command performance before the King and Queen; and, crowning achievement of all, she was at the helm of the Mermaid when it won the King's regatta at Cowes. That, to an Englishman, is something! And now American movies,

beginning with "Bottoms Up." But this vivacious young girl is talking about her husband! She met Charles Boyer, the Parisian star whom Lasky imported and put under contract, and married him within three days!

"So you really didn't have an opportunity to know American men?"

"Oh, but I did! I met quite a few. In London as well as here."

"Do you like them?"

"What woman wouldn't? They're so gay and light-hearted. Yet they always have their feet on the ground."

"And how do you feel about Englishmen?"

"Of course I adore them. They're my countrymen. But they're awfully reserved. They can never forget themselves—never let go."

"So you married a Frenchman?"

A gleeful smile was the only answer. It was enough. We entered the dressing-room, and as soon as Charles Boyer appeared it was easy to understand her happiness. Introductions over, he announced (*Continued on page 88*)



*This is the way I look when
the last scene of a picture is
taken*

Clark Gable

Best yet in our series of personally autographed star portraits! Gable selected this natural pose because it expresses his feelings when he has just finished a film!

C. S. Bull

Jean Steals a Scene from the Pacific



That irresistible, inveterate little scene-stealer, Jean Parker, makes the Pacific Ocean just a back-drop for her gay good humor. The nineteen-year-old who has given that overworked word, "ingénue," a new meaning in Hollywood, takes a day off from the studio, but she can't dodge a cameraman even then!

Ball

If Broadway Could Only See Them Now!

Or, why New York players accept movie contracts! Both deserters from the play marts of old Broadway, Spencer Tracy and Alice Faye seem quite, quite happy in their new environment. And why not, when their new picture together calls for a location trip to the beach? Broadway was never like this!



Alice gives you glimpses, left and below, of her favorite beach ensemble. It's red, white, and blue gingham! The navy blue piqué jacket has lapels of gingham check; the shorts are navy blue, too; and the blue hat has checked gingham trim. Like it?



Otto Dyar





What's Wrong With This Picture?

WILL ROGERS, wearing the loudest thing in golf togs, goes into his rope act! It's all for Art and "Handy Andy," Will's most recent release. Right, the internationally-minded philosopher as he looks when he is just about to utter one of those cracks heard 'round the world. Duck, everybody!





Hi There, Hopkins!

DOING a Dietrich? What? Oh, sorry! Glad to hear you're just masquerading for your grand part in "She Loves Me Not," which calls for the boyish attire. Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby—and what a team!—co-star in the screen version of the Broadway stage hit.





Bette Davis plays the blonde in the Maugham hero's moody life—Bette's best portrayal.



Kay Johnson has a sympathetic rôle with Mr. Howard.

Frances Dee, below, plays the "good influence."



Moody Hero!

BUT don't be deceived—Leslie Howard is really in his element portraying the difficult and exacting rôle of W. Somerset Maugham's most famous character in "Of Human Bondage." It's a departure for Howard, this part; and he hopes you'll like it as much as he enjoyed playing it.



Gary Cooper is Marion Davies' hero in "Operator 13."



Two views, above and below, of Miss Davies' wonderful clinic for children in Sawtelle, California. The best of all good reasons for calling her "The Sunshine Star."

Manatt



Happy Heroine!

WE christened Marion Davies "The Sunshine Star"—and the label stuck! No wonder—Marion's pictures are happy affairs—not only for us who go to see them, but for the cast and "crew," who always want to with her again. Her new film is a colorful Civil War romance.



Tunbridge. London Films

British Beauty!

OR—WHY Don Juan had a Private Life! Merle Oberon, loveliest of Douglas Fairbanks' leading ladies in his new film, repeats the success she won in "Henry the Eighth" with Charles Laughton



Douglas Fairbanks has four beauties in his latest opus, "The Private Life of Don Juan," and the prettiest is Merle Oberon, shown in two views above.



Doug leaps, bounds, and grins in his gay old way in this new picture. Left, a scene which Fairbanks shares with Miss Oberon, the most appealing of England's younger screen actresses. She'll be over here soon! **work**



WIDE-AWAKE WYNYARD!

Bachrach

ARE you glad that Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, stars of the memorable "Cavalcade," are reunited on the screen? Let's hope they make many more pictures together. Here is La Wynyard at her loveliest and liveliest.



Bert Longworth

Beauty Over Burbank!

IT'S the real thing! Nature at her loveliest, both in the setting and the sweet young things—Maxine Doyle on the right, Margaret Carthew on the left. Their home studio is seen in the distance in this remarkable photograph. (The flowers are real, too!)



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Dolores Del Rio in "Du Barry"



It's been a long time between Lloyd laugh films! But here's Harold, specs and all, in his new picture, "The Cat's Paw." Grace Bradley, the lovely alluring menace, is seen with Harold in the scene at the left. Far cry from "Grandma's Boy."

Why, here's Una Merkel! Yes, she's Harold's heroine, and she has never been funnier, according to our West Coast sleuths. Where there's Merkel there's more mirth!



Harold, How Could You?

WE ALWAYS thought you were such a shy, retiring fellow! And here you are in your new laughie completely surrounded by glamorous gals!

Harold in the clutches of a night-club siren! Something pretty new for Lloyd. Grace Bradley is the girl.

Harold Lloyd, shrewd showman, sees the audience-appeal of screen musicals, and joins the cinema chorus.





Advice to Blondes on Make-Up by Genevieve Tobin

POWDER... Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its life-like color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, the pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

Whatever your type... blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.



ROUGE... The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge... Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture makes it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.



LIPSTICK... Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up!...for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.



GENEVIEVE TOBIN and CARY GRANT in
"KISS AND MAKE-UP"

A Paramount Picture produced by B. P. Schulberg
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



*Max Factor * Hollywood*
SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illust. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free.



COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	type above and here ☐

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD

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Old-Fashioned Charm by a Hollywood Modern

Irene Dunne is the only movie actress-golfer ever to make a hole in one; she is a fearless flyer, "commuting" between her happy married life in Manhattan and her cinema work in California—and yet she remains the screen's foremost interpreter of old-fashioned heroines! Read the story on the opposite page for some amazing facts about this fascinating girl.

Left, Irene as she appears in "Stingaree," wearing a costume of the Seventies. Below, Miss Dunne as she really is, a modern of the moderns, smart, sophisticated, clever, courageous—a charming enigma!



Bachrach





How do you like Irene in her quaint coiffure? A scene with Richard Dix.

SO—Nothing Ever Happens to Irene Dunne?

You think so? Read this story
and you'll change your mind!

By
James Marion

A TRANSCONTINENTAL passenger plane shoved its blunt nose inquisitively through a thick fog that hovered, like a wet white blanket, over Los Angeles.

Like the ghost of a giant, prehistoric bird, it floated aimlessly, turning and circling, tracing and retracing its lofty orbit. Occasionally it dipped slightly, but for the most part the huge ship maintained its high level.

That plane was lost in the fog. Somewhere below, the pilots were reasonably sure, stretched Los Angeles. And somewhere within the fifty miles square, deep down through that impenetrable fog, yawned an expansive landing field, where airline officials had already been waiting nearly three hours for the missing plane.

The pilots dared not drift groundward, for they had no way of being sure that they were clear of the mountains which flank Los Angeles to the East and North.

Nor could they be certain that they were not momentarily soaring above one of the slender towers that here and there shoot upward from Los Angeles' drab skyline.

So the great, steel bird droned onward, helpless as a canoe in the rapids above Niagara.

Seven passengers were in that ship, and Irene Dunne was one of them. She was a lone woman among nine men, counting the plane's two pilots and the steward. Ten human beings at the mercy of the skies. One woman and nine men living a few tormenting hours of Hell!

Every nerve was at the breaking point. White-faced from fear and strain, they sat in deathlike silence. Hours ago they had ceased to talk, except in drawn, hollow whispers. Even the steward had lapsed into an ominous quiet.

With a suddenness that jumped anxious hearts into already choking throats, one (*Continued on page 85*)

Movie Magic Made These Girls Great Stars

By
James M. Fidler



The girl in the circle, above, was the Joan Crawford Hollywood first knew! Left, Joan today, after movieland transformed her.



Above, in circle, Jean Harlow when she started in pictures.

MORE and more is the motion picture industry taking the element of haphazard luck out of its selection of acting talent.

There was a time when producers scoffed at the idea of "building stars." "Why take time and trouble to educate them, when we can put any little girl into a big picture and make her a star overnight?" was the universal cry. To prove that their words were true, the producers cited such examples as Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and scores more who were almost unheard-of one day, and famous the next.

That era is past. It ended with the advent of sound and talking pictures, but producers were at first reluctant to recognize the fact that they had lost the power of building big names overnight. In fact, they continued to strive for overnight stars, and they long were in confusion because old methods were proving futile.

At last the motion picture executives admitted even to themselves that the business had changed, and that the overnight building of stars was never to be again. This full realization came to them only a few months ago, and now Hollywood is witnessing a new and savage battle among the studios—a battle to groom young talent for future stardom; a fight to build new players to some day replace the old.

Last month I took you on a visit to Paramount Studio, when I introduced you to that studio's "younger set." This month we travel a few miles out-



Above, Greta as she looked at first. Left, our Garbo!



Norma Shearer then—above—and now, at the right.



The Same for These Newcomers

Will It Do

How many of the doughty debts here presented will win your favor? Second in our series of articles presenting Hollywood's young hopefuls

side of Hollywood—to Culver City, where the towering gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer open to let us enter.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, or, as the studio is more familiarly known, M-G-M, is really the "Home of Stars." It has been the policy of this company's executives to contract big names, and to present those big names with opportunities to become greater. Here are enrolled Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Madge Evans, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery, Ramon Novarro, Johnny Weissmuller, Lionel Barrymore and others.

And here, also, is one of the most promising schools of young players in film-land. I refer to them as a "school of young players" because they really are in school, literally and figuratively. They attend elocution classes, dancing classes, singing classes, music classes, and classes in dramatic acting. They work at their studies just as seriously and as energetically as do the pupils of any regulation grammar or high school.

Jean Parker, Mary Carlisle, Florine McKinney, Betty Furness, Martha Sleeper, Joan Gale, Irene Hervey, Muriel Evans, Shirley Ross and Ruth Channing are the principals of M-G-M's debutante group. Mark well those names, for among them are undoubtedly a few of your stars of tomorrow. Already some are showing evidences of *(Continued on page 75)*



Above, Mary Carlisle.



Right, Irene Hervey.

Below, Jean Parker.

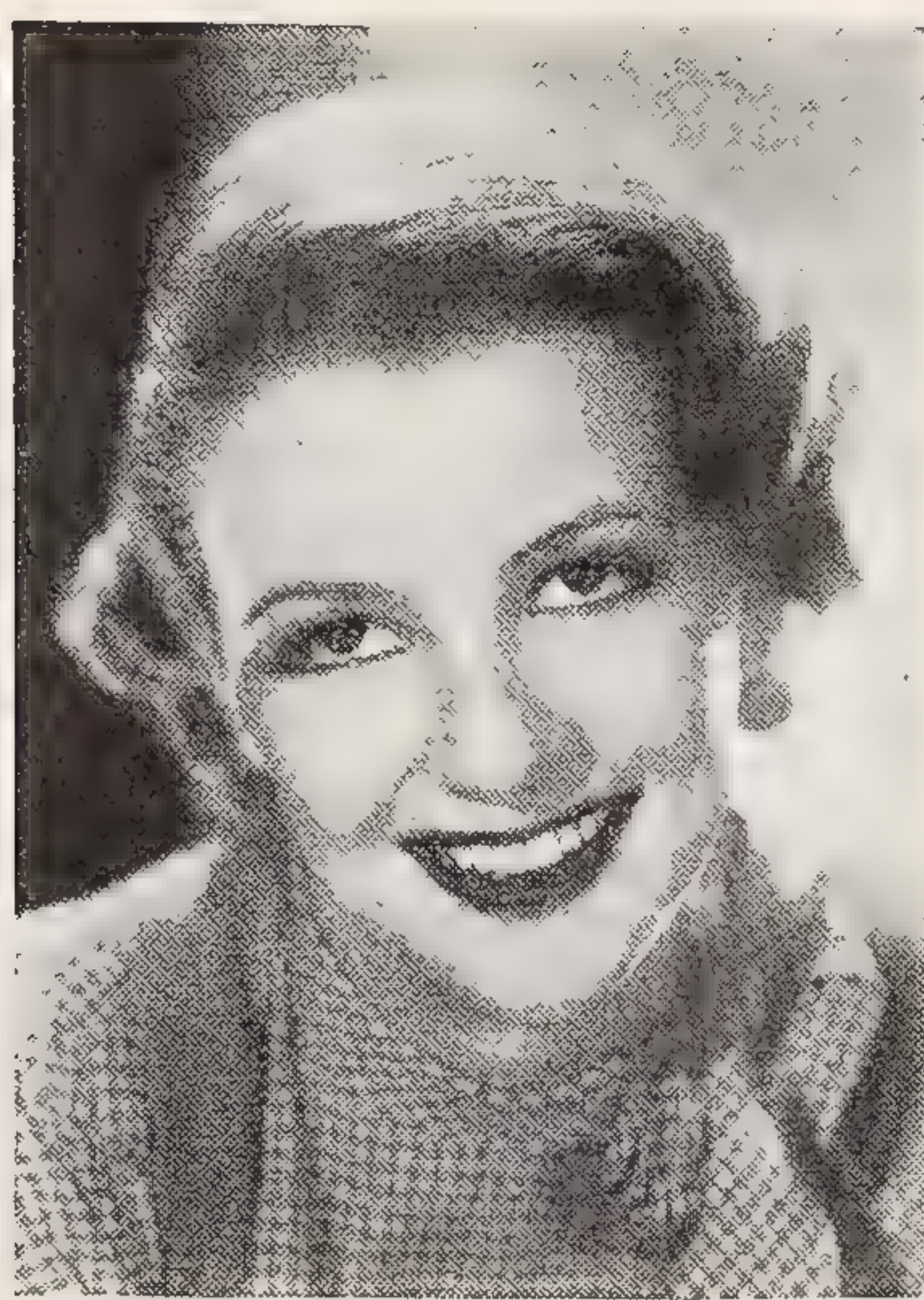


Ruth Channing, above.

Shirley Ross, below.



Florine McKinney.



Betty Furness

Muriel Evans, below.



Screenland Glamour School

Edited by

Carole Howard

Be gay! commands Carole. Be just as crazy in costume and coiffure as you choose, so long as you're amusing! See Carole's version of the serape, brown linen lined in green terry cloth, to go over a swimsuit and also spread out as a beach robe.



Above, close-up of Carole's beach sombrero with a bright yellow cord.

Carole's classic bathing-suit: one-piece, of course, and all white.





Dignity for formal daytime occasions, rules Carole. Her large hat of dark brown milan has a cluster of brown and white flowers at the front of the shallow crown.

All of Carole's evening things this Summer are navy blue! The stream-lined navy blue crêpe, left, is super-smart.

Her favorite informal dinner suit, shown at right, boasts polka-dots on white net. The red belt supplies the only bright note.

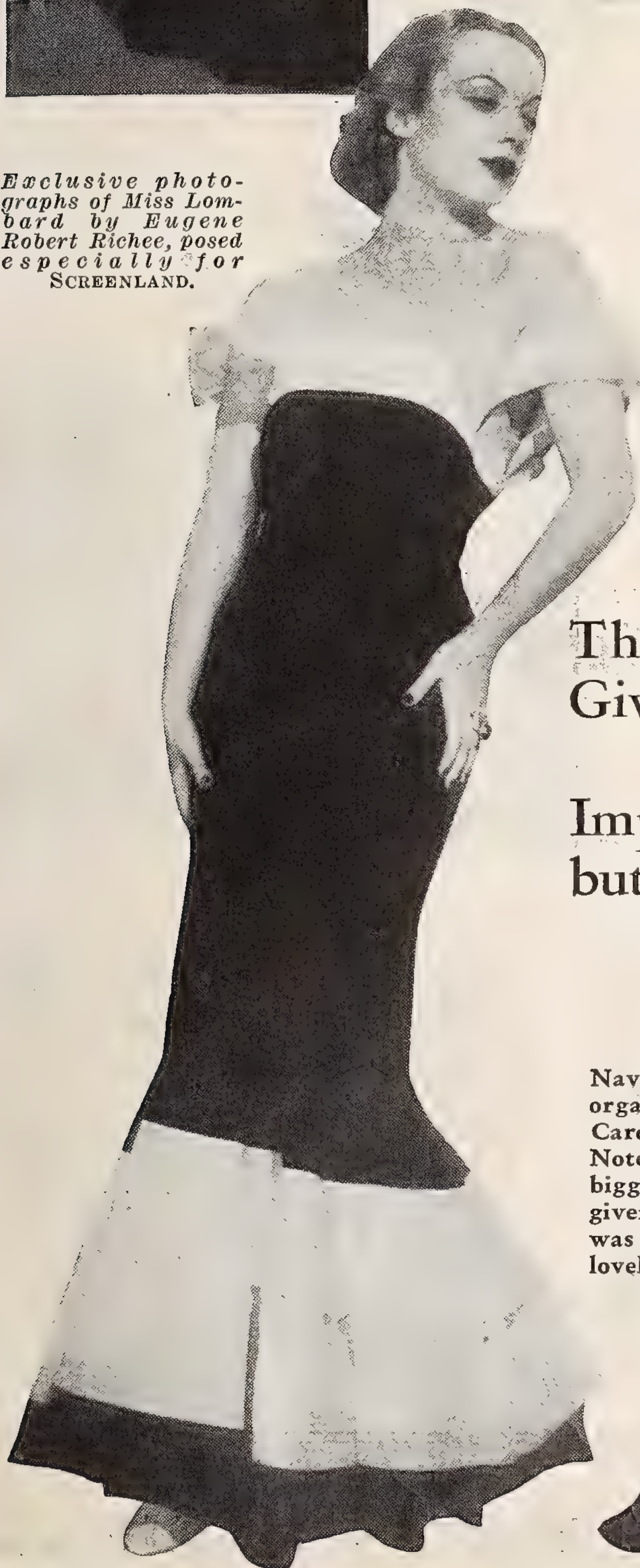
Exclusive photographs of Miss Lombard by Eugene Robert Richee, posed especially for SCREENLAND.

Carole Lombard has no clothes inhibitions. That's why she is always so gorgeous to watch. She adores a gown like the one she is wearing, right. Midnight blue paillettes glitter on midnight blue organdy! There's a matching jacket. Someone has said that Carole wears her clothes as an English Duchess should—and we agree!

The Lovely Lombard Gives You Her Glamor Secrets!

Important to Blondes—but Just as Interesting to Everybody!

Navy blue and white! Taffeta plus organdy! Alluring co-stars worn by Carole, to the left, with true *chic*. Note that Carole is still wearing "the biggest star sapphire in Hollywood," given her by William Powell when he was Mr. Lombard! A girl must have lovely hands to live up to a ring like this—and Carole has! She prefers bright carmine nails, even the tips tinted.



SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Murder At
The Vanities
Paramount



It's gay and it glitters! It has girls, gags, Jack Oakie, Victor McLaglen, and two murders! Whether the girls really are, as billed by producer Earl Carroll, "the most beautiful girls in the world;" whether the gags are this year's or last year's or even the year's before *that*; whether two murders are too modest a number—you'll have to decide for yourself. All I can promise you is a big, handsome show with some suspense, some fun, some good tunes, and the aforementioned Mr. Oakie, whose one-man show I personally prefer to most eight-star revues. All right; *that's* settled—you'll see it! So you'll welcome Kitty Carlisle, season's brightest recruit from Broadway; Dorothy Stickney, clever comedienne; the Carroll cuties; and Mr. McLaglen, who has the congenial task of investigating the back-stage doings at a *Vanities* Broadway opening with Murder as an unbilled, extra-added attraction. Gertrude Michael and Gail Patrick are the decorative victims. (No, I won't tell who did it.) This picture marks the American screen debut of Carl Brisson, European matinée idol. M. Brisson has curly hair, dimples, and a nice voice.

REVIEWS



of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Twentieth
Century
Columbia



A field-day for John Barrymore and for his audience! If you are with me in preferring Mr. Barrymore the *Harlequin* to Mr. Barrymore the *Svengali*, you'll enjoy every minute of this picture. The Great John has been waiting for years for this chance to lampoon certain stage producers, to satirize actresses of the chalk-marks school, to tear to shreds the sacred Broadway traditions. As *Oscar Jaffe* he has the time of his life. He makes 'em, he breaks 'em: he turns a dumb blonde into a great stage star, only to have her leave him for the golden films. They meet again on the 20th Century Limited, and *Lily Garland*, the actress, now a cinema celebrity, will have none of her former boss, until—but if you haven't yet seen this show it will spoil the fun to tell you more. Just watch for Walter Connolly as *Jaffe's* harassed business manager; for Roscoe Karns as the humorous press-agent; and for Etienne Girardot as the big sticker-and-label man. And now for Carole Lombard—surprise, surprise! Inspired by Barrymore, this gorgeous blonde suddenly becomes an expert actress, a clever comedienne, a potent personality. Oh, Mr. Barrymore! How about training some of our other young players?

Little
Miss Marker
Paramount



The new wonder-star, Shirley Temple, in her latest smash hit! The Garbo-Dietrich-Hepburn-Gaynor of 1934 is better, though not bigger, than ever in her most sympathetic rôle to date. "Little Miss Marker" might have been written for her. Damon Runyon, author of "Lady for a Day," has turned out another success, this time the story of a child who becomes the ward of a hard-boiled gambler, and thus starts the funniest reformation that Broadway ever saw. Far-fetched? It may sound so, but actually it is the most refreshing, as well as the most wholesome picture of the month. Imagine Menjou—this time the "Front Page" Menjou rather than the elegant Adolphe—as a bookmaker with a baby on his hands! Incidentally, although this film may appeal mostly to the women of the family, the husbands, brothers, and boy-friends need not fear boredom, for the race-track types, the robust background, and the general good humor will amuse them mightily. Dorothy Dell, the torch-singing eye-filler, makes the most of her rôle. Charles Bickford is good, too. Here is the best current answer to the prayer for clean pictures that are also good entertainment. See it!

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Good Pictures! Good Acting!

FUNNIEST: "The Affairs of Cellini"

CLEVEREST: "Twentieth Century"

MOST LAVISH: "Murder at the Vanities"

MOST APPEALING: "Little Miss Marker"

MOST ADULT: "The Thin Man"

Best Supporting Players: Jean Muir, Colin Clive, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Jean Dixon, Helen Lowell, Kitty Carlisle, Dorothy Stickney.



The Affairs
of Cellini
Twentieth
Century



My personal pet of the pictures of the month! If you're expecting a sane and sober review, you'll be disappointed. This is going to be a rave. For one thing, it is the smoothest screenplay in seasons: technically flawless, superbly directed, wittily written, and exquisitely played. For another, it is the only picture save "Twentieth Century" that I've seen in many weeks that seemed all too short. Just as I was really settling down to enjoy myself—zip, it was over! Now you know as well as I do how rare *that* is. These cinematic adventures of the great goldsmith of sixteen-century Italy, Benvenuto Cellini, are deliciously set forth with Fredric March as the oh-so-dashing *Ben*, Constance Bennett as the alluring *Duchess* and patroness of the arts—and of the artist; Frank Morgan as the philandering *Duke*, and Fay Wray revealing an unsuspected gift for comedy as *Cellini's* moronic model who much prefers a ducal palace to an artist's studio—all superlative, with Mr. Morgan in the lead. Meaning that Morgan is practically magnificent—for every member of the stellar quartet sparkles like mad. It's a grand show!



Dr. Monica
Warners



Put three of Hollywood's most stunning women in one picture—Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale, and Jean Muir—and what have you? You have "Doctor Monica," a motion picture to appeal to most women and some men. It's a story based on the delicate subject of motherhood, intelligently told. Kay Francis plays a brilliant woman doctor who specializes in bringing babies into the world. Now, now, wait a minute! Kay is not going to tell you about her operation. This is no grisly drama of the hospital, but a very human drama of the problems of modern womanhood. Warren William, as *Doctor Monica's* author husband, indulges in what he believes to be a casual enough love affair with Jean Muir, and never discovers the outcome, though it nearly wrecks the life of his wife. There are moments of heartbreaking realism between Miss Francis as the wife and Miss Muir as the "other woman," in which the latter finally strikes her stride as a dramatic actress, and very nearly takes the picture from the lovely star. But Kay Francis, as you know, always holds her own, and this film is no exception, even though extra competition is provided by Verree Teasdale.



Sadie McKee
M-G-M



This is a Joan Crawford picture—with a difference. The difference is that Joan does not dominate the film. Instead, her three leading men are the real stars. First, Edward Arnold; as the generous millionaire who marries *Sadie*, ex-waitress and night-club gal, he is amazingly good and completely unhammy. Second Gene Raymond, who displays a new maturity in his rôle of *Sadie's* first sweetheart who leaves her flat for a vaudeville singer. Third, Franchot Tone as the very priggish aristocrat who "stands by" and whose patience is at last rewarded when *Sadie* eventually turns to him. All three actors, especially Arnold, are truly excellent. Miss Crawford gives a conscientious performance as the little waitress who marries wealth but fails to find happiness; but she somehow lacks conviction, and certainly she lacks fire. She seems more highly stylized than ever before. Careful, Joan—or you'll turn into a veritable Erte lady right before our eyes, instead of developing as a warm and human actress. The *Vina Delmar* story should have made smashing popular cinema stuff, but the screen translation often misses, notably in the scene in which *Sadie* wins over her servants.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Radio Parade!



George Jessel, in the spotlight again, pours personality into the microphone as star of a new series.

Things your loud-speaker won't tell you about some radio favorites

IT IS not so long since many of us who had kept our eyes focussed on the movie arena, (or do I mean merry-go-round?), were so artless and opinionated as to think that show business could conjure nothing more excitingly colorful, more fantastically volcanic, than we had witnessed time and time again.

Well, we've seen radio arrive—and learned how wrong we were!

Now it is the pleasant privilege of this erstwhile member of that guileless group, to roam the corridors of the air castles and report such fragments of the dramatic spectacle taking place behind the microphones, as you, and you, and you may command summoned to your doorstep.

So let's be about this exciting chore, and see who we meet and what we may overhear in our travels around the haunts of the radio people.

Radio's First Lady, pursued for more than two years by film producers proffering their gold for her signature to a contract, finally has succumbed to the allurements



Jessica Dragonette, Radio's First Lady, finally has signed to appear in pictures. Why? She tells you here.

By
Tom Kennedy

of the pictures. The event has been hailed with shouts of glee by the Jessica Dragonette fans—whose numbers are counted in figures which seemed fabulous before the radio statisticians put more columns in denominators than you could count on four Southern colonial mansions laid end to end.

And well may the fans cheer! It's their triumph—as I learned from the lips of the singer whose voice has scattered melodious delights to the far corners of the land.

"The fans wanted me to!"

Five words—banal in print, but—as delivered in the even, softly modulated conversational tones of the prima donna of the

microphones—informed with a sincerity and authority that admitted of no cavil.

Five words, and your correspondent had the answer to not one, but several questions that sent him scampering to that aerie where, loftily remote from the din of a bustling city, the diminutive Jessica lives graciously but without ostentation. (Continued on page 89)

Just Between You *and the Sun*

(Take a Tip
from a Star!)

By
Josephine Felts



On her toes!
Lilian Harvey
takes Summer
with a smile!

"CONFIDENTIALLY," said Lilian Harvey, "it's easy."

I was asking her what it is she does to keep that perfectly lovely coloring all year round, and in every situation under the sun! Clothes, it has been observed, are vanishing. Each succeeding style has less to it than the one before. In Summer, to most of us, being beautiful *all over* is something of a problem.

"Easy? Oh yes, yes, of course," I assented. "Perhaps it is easy if you are a born beauty!"

I spoke feelingly, because this little English girl is lovely, every inch of her. Don't take my word for it. Look at her! A moment of personal research on your part, with your eyes on her as she is pictured here, and I

herewith promise to abide faithfully by your decision!

She laughed a little and then went on to explain. "In summer as in most everything else, it is so much a matter of how you begin. The first fine, hot weather every year I want to rush right out in the sun and enjoy the glorious wind and water. I love the feel of it. Don't you? Doesn't everybody? But I've learned not to. I take precautions!"

"You'd rather have your troubles now than later, would you?"

"I certainly would! You see I still remember my first sunburn at a beach in England when I was eleven. How it did hurt! I remember trying to wash it off! It was anything but pretty. But it taught me a lesson I never forgot. Now before I go out, I am careful to put on those protective creams and lotions which do so much to take the burn out of sunning and help make me smooth and beigy."

She is careful too to do her tanning a little at a time, a few minutes the first day, longer the second and so on. For both comfort and beauty this gradual exposure to the sun's hot rays is most important. Her five Summer Don'ts for Blondes are these:

1. Don't tan too fast. Take your time about it. Enjoy it!

2. Don't wear too dark a make-up. Powder a shade lighter than your skin.

3. Don't wear rouge and lipstick which do not match.

4. Don't neglect your figure! Let exercise make you lovely.

5. Don't copy another's coloring. Be yourself!

Tan control is important this year. Because the smartest tans are not going to be the very dark ones. They are going to be soft, warm golden tones, beige in quality, rather than dark. They are going to be the ones that look as if you might really have been born with them rather than have picked them up especially for the season.

The other day, someone who did not know the natural warm coloring of that skin which is such a marvel to all her friends, met one of the popular new stars for the first time.

"Where did you pick up such gorgeous color!" he cried, admiring the creamy tan he thought she had just acquired from the sun's rays. (Continued on page 84)

Here's

By

You, too, Myrna? But the male attire, Myrna Loy assures us, is for camera purposes only. Look at the picture at the right and see if you don't agree that she's kind to the camera!



HMMMM! Living in the same block—Greta Garbo and Anna Sten! . . . Ruth Donnelly has written a novel, "Tripping Along," which is the story of her own life on the stage . . . Janet Beecher put bluing in rinse water to make her hair white—and the hair turned a bright blue! . . . Bing Crosby is now a prizefighter's manager; the pug is Freddie Steele, and Crosby thinks he'll be a champ . . . An unknown pulled Pert Kelton from an ocean undertow, perhaps saving her life; in the excitement, she forgot to ask his name, so she later advertised for him, but he failed to answer . . . An admirer sent Irene Dunne an Egyptian scarab, seven inches in circumference; if authentic, (and that's being checked), the gift is invaluable . . . When Ida, her colored maid, was in the hospital, Kay Francis visited the girl daily . . . Joan Crawford saves her favorite gown from every picture, and has the collection stored in a cedar closet . . . Threats against Mae West's life are so serious that the star now drives right to her dressing-room door in her bullet-proof car.

THE seasickness score is all even in the Arlen family, which is just as well for the peace of the household. On the way to Europe on their recent vacation, Jobyna Ralston Arlen suffered an attack of *mal de mer*, but Dick made the trip without mishap. So he made good use of his immunity by kidding "Joby" unmercifully while they were on the Old Continent.

On the return trip, their positions were exchanged. This time Mr. Arlen turned green from ocean rolls, while Mrs. Arlen looked on and thoroughly enjoyed her husband's sad plight. Now they're back home, and neither dares mention the other's seasickness.

P. S. Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr., their year-old son, wasn't ill, either going or coming.

RIDICULOUS, that rumor that Bing Crosby may quit radio and motion picture studios. Shame on the writers who would throw so much fright into the hearts of Crosby-fans!

Bing has no intention of quitting, as long as studios will pay heavy sugar for his stuff. However, he does say that when his contract ends, he will not sign another. Instead, he'll free-lance, and pick stories more to his liking.

THERE'S a scoreboard out at Warner Brothers studio, and it has a most unusual use, the first of which is to supply laughs.

The board is on director Michael Curtiz's sets. Every time an actor blows up in a line, one point is chalked up against him on the board. If the director makes a mistake, he receives a score. If a scene is done without a blow-up, that scores a point for the studio.

The day I visited the set, and the score stood: Leslie Howard, 3; Kay Francis, 1; Curtiz, 1; and Warner Brothers studio, 1. That means that out of six attempted takes, only one turned out well.

ODD and interesting was that combination of players at work on a "Thank Your Stars" set at Paramount studio. They were director Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge, and Jack Oakie.

Oakie was once under personal contract to Ruggles, and won his freedom only after a bitter court fight. Jack and Wesley have buried the war-hatchet.

The third member of the trio, Arline Judge, is Mrs. Wesley Ruggles. She got her start in pictures a few years ago in "Are These Our Children"—which Ruggles directed.

Furthermore, Oakie and Arline were good friends before she was wooed and won by Ruggles.

FOR a big-salaried young gent, Jackie Cooper receives less spending money, perhaps, than anybody in the world. If he conducts himself properly, Jackie is given one dollar a week. But he is docked for his missteps. The week ending as this is written, Jackie received only ninety cents. A dime was charged against him because he said "Nerts," during a fit of temper on a set.



Tender entreaty! John Boles and Ann Harding in a scene from "The Life of Virgie Winters," above, give vibrant promise to a forthcoming screen romance.

Hollywood!

Weston East

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S sheepdog is barred from sets because he snores when he sleeps, and he spoils scenes . . . Gilbert Roland has been teaching Constance Bennett to speak Spanish . . . Lillian Harvey's body still bears a scar, evidence of a narrow escape from a shark when she was swimming off the Canary Islands . . . Jean Parker owns a 23-foot sailboat, *Saki Maru*, which she navigates herself on short excursions along the California-Pacific coast . . . After all the "big talk," Joan Crawford formally opened her backyard theatre with a motion picture . . . Carole Lombard amuses herself between scenes by water-coloring drawings and sketches, (particularly clothes sketches), in magazines . . . Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli Farrell are now vacationing in Europe . . . Bing Crosby and his brother Everett, browsing in a second-hand store, bought an old picture for \$35—and it turned out to be a genuine Whistler etching, worth ten times the price paid . . . Paul Lukas, who pilots his own plane, often flies to his favorite tennis courts, about fifteen miles from his home.

SIDNEY FOX has gone Russian to the extent that she has adopted a "five-year plan." She has set for herself very economical household and personal expense budgets—together they total only ten per cent of her weekly salary. This means that while other stars drive expensive cars, Sidney motors modestly. She designs her own clothes and has them made at a New York dressmaker's, where she gets them done cheaply. She shampoos her own hair, and does her own beauty treatments. The gal even takes her own lunch to the studio. Once upon a time Miss Fox was a stenographer, and her salary was fourteen dollars a week. She is guarding against a recurrence of any such drudgery.



Oh, doctor! Or maybe it's a couple of other words Helen Vinson says in the scene, above, for "Let's Try Again," in which Clive Brook impersonates a surgeon.

Jean Harlow, who was matron of honor, and Norma Shearer arrive smilingly at the scene of the wedding in Hollywood of Carmelita Geraghty, screen actress, and Carey Wilson, the scenario writer.

Acme



AS THIS is written, Jean Harlow is very much in doubt as to where she will file suit for divorce from Hal Rosson, her husband of seven months—but she is certain that suit will be filed. In fact, since she plans action upon completion of her picture, and that completion is not far off, it is likely that she will have filed suit ere this article appears in print.

Jean and Hal are parting in friendly enough fashion. Their ideas simply have been incompatible, and they've decided better to part and remain friends, than attempt to stick it out—and end up enemies.

The two did have a big quarrel the day their separation was announced, but there have been worse quarrels, and this one was really settled next day. However, both Jean and Hal knew it would not be the last quarrel, and they knew that succeeding fights would become serious.

BABY LEROY is going to grow up to be an old pie-thrower. For scenes in "The Old-Fashioned Way," the youngster was taught how to heave pies at W. C. Fields.

A few days later, "Bill" was invited to dine at the LeRoy home. Midway of the meal, Baby LeRoy created little less than a sensation by lifting his plate of mashed potatoes and tossing it right onto Fields' expansive chest.

FANS whose memories trace back fifteen years will see one of the great favorites of that era in the cast supporting Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon when "Cleopatra" reaches the theatres. For William Farnum, an established star when Cecil B. DeMille, producer of "Cleopatra," Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky made their start in the "infant industry," is to make his comeback to the studios after a long retirement initially forced by illness and protracted because the fans had time to forget him in the absence that ensued. One of the first prominent stage stars to go over to the films, Bill Farnum was one of the "money" stars, and he retired with a sizeable fortune, but the financial upheaval swept away a good portion of that. Now, his health recovered, he comes back to the films, like the good troupier he always has been giving his best to the part assigned him—a minor one it's true, but a part in an important picture.

JOAN CRAWFORD is knitting her fifth baby blanket. This time it is for—but wait! It would never do to tell, because the blanket is a surprise, and this baby is not due until September.

Joan always gives blankets to her friends' babies—and her gifts are particularly valuable because she knits every blanket herself. Joan is getting so adept at knitting that she can now turn out a blanket, working between scenes and at home at night, in about twelve days.

Waves of bright gossip about Hollywood!



Nice catch! Ruby Keeler, above, proves as skilled in playing as she is decorative to such beach pastimes as swimming and beach ball.

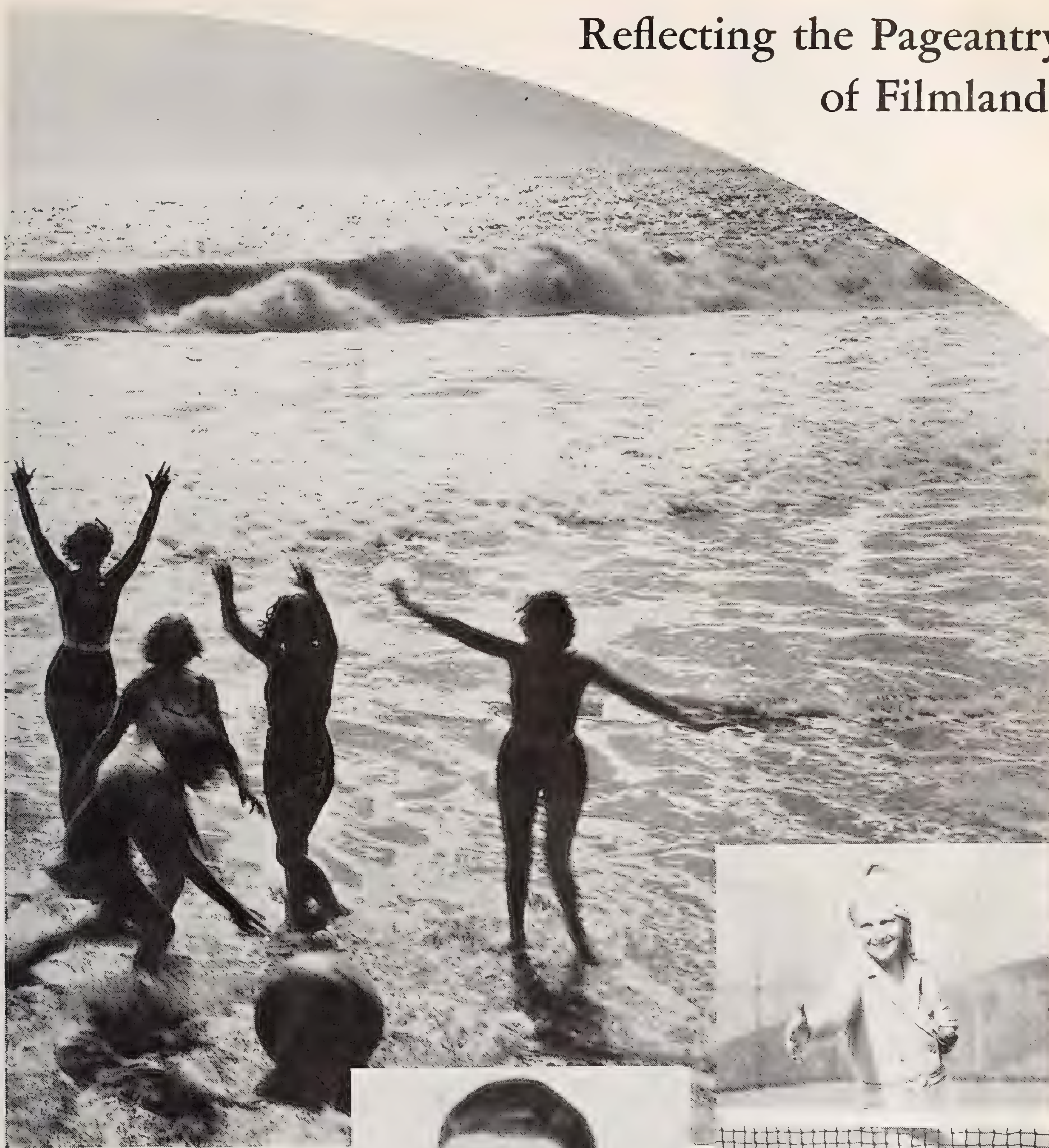


The champ! Joan Blondell poses with the trophy awarded her as the outstanding former Wampas Baby Star. Congratulations, Joan!

Hollywood figures! Here's a pleasant and molded curves required of screen the Pacific, and some Fox

ALTHOUGH the studio forbade her changing her screen name from Joan Blondell to Joan Barnes, (her wedded name), Joan has decided that her employers have no jurisdiction over her private life. So all her personal stationery, her charge accounts, her bank accounts, and other personal business are conducted under the name of Joan Barnes. And if by chance you visit her studio and look for her name on a dressing-room door, you'll not find a Blondell, because Joan changed that to Barnes also. Joan and George Barnes will welcome a little stranger soon. Which event will insure the Barnes name of still more prominence.

Reflecting the Pageantry of Filmland!



cool way to maintain those precisely actresses. It's bathing in the rollers of film beauties call: "Come on in!"

WHILE carpenters were building Mary Brian's new house at Toluca Lake, Mary arrived. She was surprised to see the men work for brief periods; a whistle would blow, and they'd leap to work; another whistle would blow, and they'd lay down their tools. Mary, wondering about the strange routine, appealed to the construction chief.

"It's like this, ma'am," said that individual. "Universal is filming a picture across the road there. The sound of the carpenters' hammers and saws ruin their scenes, so when they blow their whistle to start their camera, my men lay off."

And Mary was paying them by the hour!



Goes Hollywood! Another stage actor is snared by the films. Above, Guy Robertson, engaged to play the lead in "King Kelly of the U. S. A."



Good sport! Ann Harding, who keeps in trim playing tennis, offers her congratulations to a victorious opponent. That smile, what a reward!



Newcomer! Above, close-up of Ethelreda Leopold, nineteen and from Chicago, who makes her screen debut in "Dames."

BABY TALK DEPT.:

Goo! Da da de da! Gblob!
Translated from baby talk into the King's English, that means, "We babies are all the rage in Hollywood."

No fooling! Births are becoming so common in Hollywood that several stars are now seeking other places to have their children born. Dorothy Jordan went to Hawaii. Joan Blondell thinks that isn't far enough, so she's talking of going to Tahiti to welcome Doc Stork, due in October. Arline Judge, another actress who is anticipating in October, (this will be her second), is threatening to take a trip away, too.

And the "IT" girl is about to surprise the world, too. People who thought Clara Bow too frivolous to burden herself with a baby may change their notions, for Clara will become a mother in November.

But as far as Doc Stork's place-of-delivery records indicate now, the Dixie Lee Crosby event, (family physicians say they'll be twins), will occur right in Hollywood. Ditto the Dorothy Coonan Wellman family-addition.

At this writing, Sally Eilers hasn't made up her mind whether her first-born will first see the light of day in Hollywood, or elsewhere.

Maaaaa! Goo goo! Gblob!

Which means, translated from baby talk: "Funny, isn't it, that a few years ago, stars looked with horror upon the idea of having a baby. Norma Shearer started the—shall we call it a fad?—and now look, a star is nobody if she hasn't presented the world with at least one chee-ild!"

AN EASTERN columnist sent Hollywood and Los Angeles newspaper reporters scurrying with the report that Greta Garbo was in a California hospital, about to undergo a dangerous operation. They might have saved their shoe leather! Garbo maintains a room in a Santa Monica sanitarium, near the ocean. She goes there to rest, because the sea waves soothe her. She also goes there for periodical milk diets, which re-build her weight when she loses from over-work or worry.

EDDIE CANTOR believes in keeping his money in his family. His secretary is none other than his own daughter, Marjorie, the eldest of five. She completed finishing school, and was desirous of going to work, so Eddie made her his private secretary.

Of course, this having a member of the family in the office has one advantage—or disadvantage: Eddie will devote himself strictly to business in that office, or Mrs. Cantor will hear about it!



Never guess it! But it's true, those men above are *both* Edward G. Robinson, as he—or they—appear in "The Man With Two Faces."

ROMANTIC SMILES AND TEARS:

IT HAS been a frantic month for Dan Cupid, what with the June moon spreading romance like warm butter over a plate.

Dick Powell is off on a new love-chase, this time with Mary Carlisle. Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford are still Hollywooding. She has received her final divorce decree from Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—but they're both saying there'll be no wedding for a long while.

Alice Faye runs to New York at every opportunity, and since Rudy Vallee is there, I don't think she makes the trip to look at the Statue of Liberty. Spencer Tracy still gazes at Loretta Young with hungry eyes; and she echoes the expression. Anita Louise and Tom Brown are mooning again, after several fights. Perhaps they don't really mean those quarrels.

Gloria Stuart says her separation from her sculptor-husband is permanent . . . Katharine Hepburn has divorced Ogden Ludlow Smith . . . Jack LaRue is head-over-heels for Constance Simpson, Chicago society girl—where do all those Chicago society girls come from? There are Miss Simpson, Merry Farhney, Virginia Pine, Hazel Forbes—goodness! . . . Carole Lombard and Russ Colombo are getting warmer and warmer; pretty soon, boil over . . . Adolphe Menjou will be married any old day to Veree Teasdale, and their plan is to honeymoon in the Canadian Rockies . . . Billy Bakewell seems to have centered his attentions upon the Polly Ann of the Young sisters . . . Ronald Colman has been seeing plenty of Virginia Pine, but they're still saying she and George Raft will marry—which I've always doubted . . . Bert Wheeler is still determined to make Patsy Parker of Washington, Mrs. Bert No. 3.

Kay Francis vows she isn't interested in Maurice Chevalier romantically. Since



Camera angles! When Bing Crosby croons a love song to Kitty Carlisle during the from three vantage points. Bing and Kitty are seen right center, in the photo crew of technicians

Maurice is squiring a chorus beauty, Marguerite Earle, to all the nite spots, maybe Kay means it.

Jack Oakie has found a Mary Brian type to receive his attentions. She is Ann Sothorn—and there is a line of gentlemen waiting to the right, if Ann throws Jack over. Gloria Shea and Winslow B. Felix are “that way,” which opens the query, “What about Felix and his romance with Lois Wilson?”

Maureen O’Sullivan caught the bridal bouquet thrown by Carmelita Geraghty, who married writer Carey Wilson. Maureen blushed, and admitted that she and John Farrow may wed before she goes to Europe, or while she’s in Europe (he is following her), or after their return. Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr are so in-love it’s pitiful, and I hope Papa Venable sees his way to remove parental objections.

Ramon Novarro has been busy during his concert tour in South America, but not too busy to fail to besiege Myrna Loy with letters . . . Maxine Doyle has been receiving New York telephone calls from Owen Davis, Jr., son of the playwright . . . Dorothy March and Director Hobart Henley may have altarated their lives before you read this . . . Helen Vinson and Pat, (ex-Thelma Todd), De Cicco are simply ma-a-ad about each other.

Rochelle Hudson admits that the reason she returned the engagement ring of the New York broker is that there is somebody else—and it looks as if she means Jesse L. Lasky, Jr., son of the producer.

Lois Moran and Douglass Montgomery have ended their three-year-old romance. Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice have also called off love. And of course, Gloria Swanson has started divorce proceedings against Michael Farmer (just as we said she would), and Ruth Chatterton has filed suit against George Brent.

VIRGINIA BRUCE, most recently divorced of the three wives of John Gilbert, isn’t permitting her marriage-interlude to end her career.

Virginia has been placed under long-term contract by the M-G-M Studios (the company that failed to exercise its option of Gilbert after the release of “Queen Christina”), and she will resume her career where it was interrupted by a wedding ceremony.



Bottled sunshine! Solar rays would take too long to tint Thelma Gordon’s body to play a South Seas dancer, hence the spray.



Robert Donat arrives! The English actor was called all the way from London to Hollywood for the name rôle in “Count of Monte Cristo.”

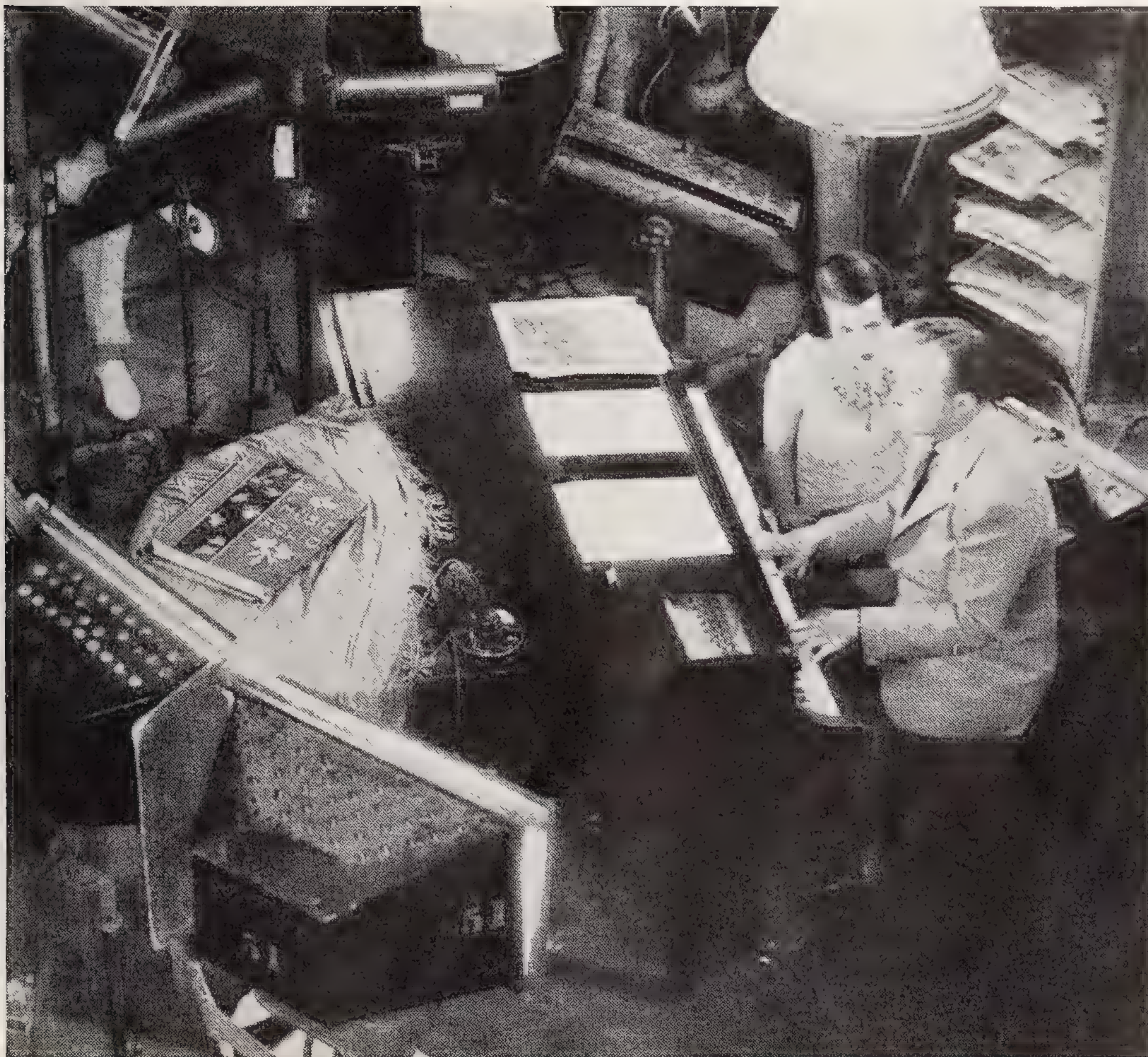
MARIAN NIXON is so tiny that she must stand on tip-toes to reach the mouthpiece of instruments in the telephone booths . . . Isn’t that a clever name for Alice Faye’s new hair-dress—the “Faye-da-way bob”? . . . Mary Boland has crossed the Atlantic twenty-nine times . . . Mae West lives up to her “Diamond Lil” soubriquet in “It Ain’t No Sin”—she wears a crown of diamonds, a diamond necklace, diamond earrings, four diamond bracelets, and eight diamond rings . . . Marlene Dietrich is a constant visitor at beach pleasure piers, where her favorite fun is riding the chute-the-chutes . . . Ida Lupino eats two apples a day—“to keep the doctor and the lawyer away,” she says . . . Lilian Harvey learned to play a violin in ten days for her newest picture rôle—yes, she admits she’s no Kreisler . . . Home-town fame: Evelyn Venable’s fellow alumnae of the Walnut Hills High School in Cincinnati sold a thousand seats for a special performance of Evelyn’s first picture . . . Bing Crosby presented a sea voyager with some pills to prevent *mal-de-mer*; the friend cabled that he swallowed two pills—and they made him so ill he spent the entire trip in bed.

JANET GAYNOR will be slightly more careful when next she parades her knowledge before young friends. Recently, Janet dined with a couple she has known for years. After dinner, the nine-year-old son of her hosts called upon Miss Gaynor to assist him with his geography lessons.

“Surely,” agreed Janet. “You just recite the questions, then the answers, and I’ll tell you if you’re correct.”

It was a most embarrassing evening for Janet, for like many grown-ups, she has forgotten some of her geography—and the boy now wonders if all stars are dumb.

ONE of Hollywood’s nicest stories is that about Edward Everett Horton. Horton’s father did not buy Horton’s mother an engagement ring before their marriage, because he lacked the money. Nor was he ever financially able to buy the ring; he died without having bought it. So on his mother’s seventy-first birthday, Edward Everett Horton bought her a most thoughtful gift—an engagement ring.



making of “She Loves Me Not,” Director Elliott Nugent photographs the action above. Mr. Nugent, holding camera crank, is in the left foreground, while his stand at attention.

HISS AND CHEER DEPT:



Honeymooners! Stephen Ames and his bride, Raquel Torres, posed for this picture, above, on their return from a wedding trip.

A BEAUTIFUL close-up to Pert Kelton, who has turned her playroom into a place where down-and-out vaudeville actors may rehearse new turns, in the hopes of getting future stage jobs. Pert sees to it that her old stage acquaintances are fed, too.

A lovely close-up to Alison Skipworth, who is using part of her earnings to send five small children through school, because, she says, "she wants to do some good in the world."

A long-shot to Edmund Lowe who, because he lived on the same street with Hollywood's recently kidnapped (but rescued), millionaire, managed to get his picture into the papers, looking much concerned and announcing plans to provide himself with guards.

ABOUT four years ago, when Andy Devine found jobs scarcer than kind-hearted picture reviewers, he took a civil service examination to become a life guard.

Not long ago, Devine received an important looking envelope from the Civil Service Commission. He opened it and discovered that he had been accepted as a life guard. Instructions to report at the Los Angeles City Hall for duty were enclosed.



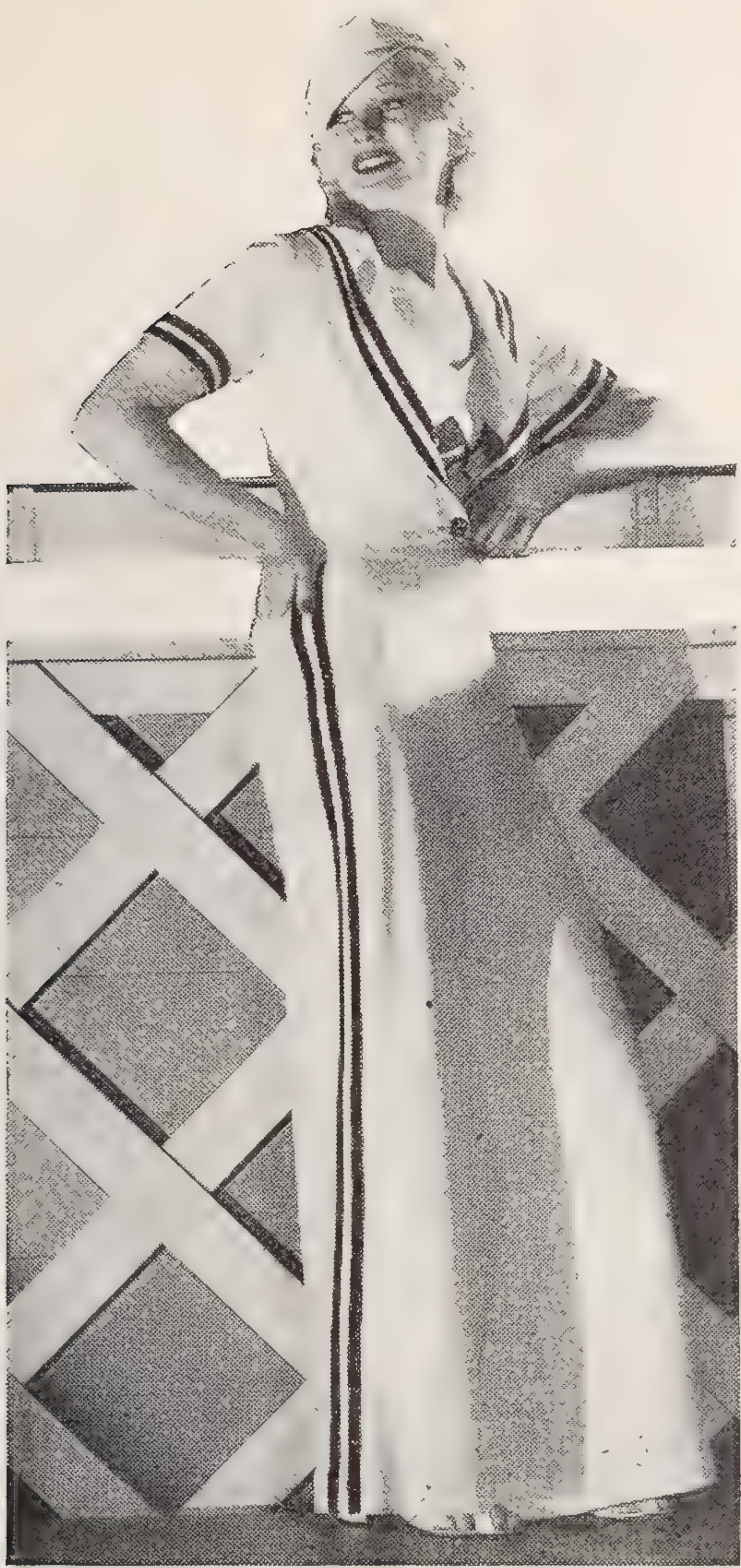
Fashion note! Hazel Forbes poses, above, to give you an idea of how the sea is flavoring styles this summer. Like her three-piece slack suit?



Multiplying beauty! An orchid to the mirror-fitter-upper who arranged that idea you see illustrated above. It's Irene Hervey, and she's just twelve times as beautiful as she gazes into the trick mirrors preparatory to donning make-up.

STUART ERWIN, born on February fourteenth, is often called "the comic valentine" . . . Norman Foster has gone to Tahiti, where he will sojourn for a few months, using his time to write plays and books . . . Joe Penner makes his debut in feature-length pictures in "The Big Broadcast of 1934" . . . Lew Ayres' and Ginger Rogers' swell coats of tan are a result of their daily tennis matches, clad in bathing suits . . . Jean Parker is *that* busy, she was caught having lunch, taking a French lesson, and having her hair dressed for a picture, all at one and the same time . . . Myrna Loy *ordered* gardenias from a seed catalogue; she did fairly well—she *got* sunflowers . . . Clark Gable is rapidly filling his den with mounted heads of bears, mountain lions and other trophies of his hunts . . . But Clark is far behind Gary Cooper's collection, which includes elephant tusks, a tiger's head, two lion's heads and other memoirs of his African hunt . . . Kathleen Burke, the original "Panther Woman," worked for days in dangerous scenes with a live Python wrapped around her body—and the scenes were entirely cut from the picture.

SOME of the film stars are superstitious enough to fall ready victims to the "chain letter" gag. One such letter that came to me recently bore the successive names of Barbara Bennett, Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy, Warren William, Allen Mowbray, Charlie Irwin, Ben Bard, Pat Patterson and Alice Faye.



Chic? Of course you like it. Above is a front view of the flannel slack suit Hazel Forbes introduced to you in the pose opposite. Trimming is dark blue.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S wife's first glimpse of her husband-to-be was when he walked past her door, eating a bun.

Franklin may now take a back seat. Dick Powell's introduction to his newest romance was more novel. Dick and Mary Carlisle were at a Hollywood party. Just as they were being introduced, Dick upset a pitcher of beer—and the Carlisle blonde was soaked!

Dick turned red as a Texas sunset. He offered to buy Mary a new gown, which she laughingly refused. The result of the unusual meeting is that Mary and Dick are now "going places together."

CHICAGOANS are receiving a real treat during the Fair. A group of the Thaliens, one of Hollywood's most popular clubs with a membership of young actors and actresses, are in the Windy City making a series of two-reel comedies.

Arthur Lake and his sister, Florence, are at the head of this location excursion, and among the screen players who are participating in the pictures are Lincoln Steadman, Virginia Sale, Donald Dillaway, Johnny Harron, Betty Egan, Bryant Washburn, Jr., Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and others.

FUNNY, too, that crack from Will Rogers. Will said, "I'd like to play 'Romeo and Juliet' with Mae West, just so when we came to the balcony scene, she'd be Juliet, up on the balcony, and I'd be Romeo, on the ground, and Mae'd say, 'Why don't you come up some time?'"

ONCE again Hollywood reaches across the footlights for an actor to sing, dance and play loves scenes as the hero of a musical film. Captured this time is Guy Robertson, seen in prominent rôles in many musical comedies during recent seasons. Robertson—who makes you think of Jimmy Cagney in manner as well as appearance—was pointed for Hollywood when "All the King's Horses," one of the winter's crop of Broadway shows, cleared out of New York for Chicago and an indefinite run there. He has been signed for the lead in "King Kelly of the U. S. A.," to be produced by Monogram.

EMployees of the Universal studios, who have at times spoken gruffly to the very gentlemanly-mannered Paul Lukas, will probably hold their tongues hereafter.

Lukas, to win a bet, held a length of half-inch iron pipe in his right hand, and struck the tensed muscles of his left arm such a blow that the pipe was bent around the arm. If you think that isn't strong-arm stuff, try it. As I said, Universal employees are being more polite to Paul nowadays.

WASN'T it "writin' fool" Dick Mook who commented, when he heard that Dixie Lee Crosby would likely have twins this summer: "I hope one of them sings bass—then Bing and his three children can have a quartette."

(Continued on page 71)



Vacationists! Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck seen as they sailed from New York for Europe. Mr. Zanuck produces some of our best pictures.



Gets paid for it, too! Above, Jackie Cooper doing a scene for Stevenson's "Treasure Island," in which he plays the rôle of *Jim Hawkins*, the boy whose adventures have thrilled youngsters and makes oldsters wish they could emulate him.

How to Have That Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 27

If you watch them on the screen, you'll notice that they have mastered the art of good posture, as regards carriage of the head especially.

I'm willing to bet that your school teacher or your gym instructor made your lives miserable in class with the injunction to "Throw your shoulders back!" That was supposed to overcome round shoulders, wasn't it? Well, it won't! You shouldn't throw them back, you should drop them into a natural position.

Get in front of that mirror and try throwing your shoulders back. You'll notice that your shoulder blades immediately stick out behind. When you drop them forward, your back becomes smooth, but your chest caves in. So what?

Stand with your spine straight, your head up, eyes level, and drop your shoulders normally. You'll look like a different person and believe me, a whole lot younger!

A good exercise for round shoulders is to stand with hands stretched out in front, with palms together. Swing your arms to the back, turning the palms out as you do so, and touch the hands together in the back.

But the easiest way to learn to carry your shoulders well is to learn to breathe correctly. Get outdoors, or stand before an open window, first thing every morning, and take ten good breaths, draw in your abdomen as you inhale and relax it as you exhale, and *watch your shoulders!*

Of course the secret of fine posture is to keep it in mind, whatever you're doing—walking, standing, sitting—until it becomes second nature. Don't let yourself slump.

You'll presently discover that your dress-maker is doing nicer work, or the clothes you buy seem to fit better or keep their shape or something, and people think you must be patronizing a smarter shop. It's the way you carry them off that makes them seem more becoming.

Deep breathing is also a fine thing for developing your neck and shoulders, but you must set aside a certain time for this exercise and take it regularly. It's often a good idea to take "voice culture" and practice singing whether you have a voice or not, simply because of the excellent effect regular vocal practice has on your neck and throat.

Whistling is another fine exercise for the

muscles here, or playing wind musical instruments. If it bores you to devote time to beautifying exercises, take up one of these instruments and see where you are three months hence.

Claudette Colbert's neck and shoulders as you will see in "Cleopatra," are truly beautiful. Claudette is a devotee of the swimming-pool, a great aid to the development of this beauty.

Good exercises for developing the bust are these:

Stand erect with arms held out at each side at shoulder level. Tense the muscles. Slowly cross the arms in front, still at shoulder level and extended stiffly, with elbows straight. Return to starting position, and repeat.

Fold arms over chest, raise elbows to shoulder level, clench fists. Now pull the arms apart and out straight slowly, keeping muscles tense all the time. Reverse motion and repeat.

Rotate arms from shoulders in wide circles, elbows straight. Begin with an upward, backward swing.

For developing the bust, pat on some cocoa butter after these exercises and stroke gently upward with the palms of the hands six times; do not use any pressure on the bust.

If you want to reduce the bust instead of build it up, use these same exercises, but follow them by alternately hot and cold spongings for five minutes, then bathe in cold salt water and dry well.

Here is a discovery I made when I was helping one of the girls here to develop her bust. The nerves at the tips of the fingers control the breast. Standing, extend arms in front of you as far as you can reach, with finger-tips together. Arch fingers and press tips together; watch muscles over breast.

If your fat is localized, don't despair!

I've heard girls say: "I can't diet, my doctor forbids it, and just look at these hips!"

If you sit all day, or if you are a lover of horseback riding, no matter how much you diet, you'll have hip-spread. Several authorities in Hollywood have decreed that certain stars must give up their horses, or ride them only twice a week because of this. One particularly pretty little girl on another lot has disregarded this order, with the result that, though she is a tiny thing, her hip measurements are driving the clothes designer crazy.

If you haven't an expert masseur available, or don't feel you can afford one, the thing for you to do is to learn to give yourself a massage on the spots that you'd like to reduce.

First buy yourself a bottle of mineral oil, thoroughly lubricate the palms, then start on that bulging waistline.

Press the right hand over the left on the lower right side of the abdomen, where the appendix is or isn't, and press slowly upward until the waistline is reached. Then change the position of the right hand (discontinue the use of the left hand entirely), by turning it to the little-finger side. With side of the right hand in a vibratory movement, run the hand across the waistline to the left side.

Now the right hand is on the upper left of the abdomen. Bring the left hand back into play. We need just the two thumbs. With these digits, press downward, slowly bringing the thumbs from the upper side to the lower right side. Repeat this massage, with gentle pressure, morning and night for about two minutes.



Jim Davies, expert physical culturist and overseer of the health and figures of many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, teaches Ida Lupino how to massage the thighs.

To reduce thighs:

Lubricate hands with oil. Sit in a thoroughly relaxed position. Lift one foot onto a convenient chair, not too high. Start a gentle pinching movement with both hands between knee and torso. Be careful not to pinch too hard. Gentle pressure is sufficient. Never press a bone when massaging or the result will be a painful soreness. And always relax while massaging, or it is useless.

Here is an excellent cupping and slapping massage, which must be done, as usual, with well lubricated hands.

Make a cup of right and left hands and gently slap hipline and thighs, always working upward. Slap softly and slowly enough to feel a slight suction with each blow. If you are working on the hipline, start on the upper thigh and work upward to the waist. Suction, not the blow, does the work. If you are treating the thighs, start at the knee and slap upward to thighs and hipline. If the calves need treatment, start just above the ankles and work up to the knee.

Follow this routine by the clock: five minutes gentle pinching for each leg; five minutes for each thigh; five minutes for each arm. Five minutes cupped slapping for each leg; five minutes cupped slapping for each thigh; five minutes for hipline; then five minutes massage on waistline. Total sixty minutes.

You can cut down the time by devoting two minutes to each motion, or by massaging only those parts that seem to need it in your case.

A double chin can come from bending over a desk or a piano, a drawing board or a sewing machine, or—perhaps most usually these days—from playing bridge with your head inclined downward over the cards.

Holding your head well, with eyes level, will do much toward taking off that two-chinned look, if you are not otherwise overweight. But a faithful day-by-day practice of the neck exercises given in last month's article will tend to make the muscles of the neck and throat firm and thus keep the threat of multiple chins away.

Don't try massage on the chin.

The truly lovely leg tapers gently down to the ankle. Marlene Dietrich has perhaps the most famous legs on the screen. Miriam Hopkins has very trim ankles.

But it may be that your legs have bumpy contours due to hard bunches of muscle on the calf, or bunches of flesh that conceal the place where the ankles ought to be.

Here are some exercises designed to make the leg muscles long and smooth rather than short and lumpy. Remember the family cat exercises I told you about last month? These follow the general stretching, relaxing, and shaking movements that Madame Pussy goes through.

Shaking exercises may be done while you are lying on a bed or sitting on a chair.

Brace your knees firmly together, then relax the muscles of the lower legs and give them a good shaking until tired. Follow this by a brief rest, then slowly stretch your limbs upward, downward and sideways.

Another effective exercise for improving the shape of the legs is this one:

Stand erect, arms hanging at sides. Bend the left knee, raising the leg backward and upward as far as possible, being careful to point the toe as you were taught in dancing school. Now kick the leg forward and backward fifteen or twenty times. The upper part of the leg will swing a little forward so that the foot will not strike the floor during the exercises. Repeat with right leg.

Remember that relaxing, shaking, stretching and kicking exercises all should



She's a mama's girl! Shirley Temple screen star extraordinary, poses above with her proud—could she be otherwise?—mother, Mrs. Gertrude F. Temple. They are inseparable companions.

be included in your calf-reducing program. In this way muscular tenseness and lumpiness may be replaced by smooth, graceful leg development.

To reduce bulky ankles, sit down and rotate each foot from the ankle from five to ten minutes. Follow this by massaging the ankles to break up fatty tissues.

The following exercise is also effective for reducing large ankles:

First, give the legs a good shaking. Then stand erect, with feet together. Rise on toes. Now rapidly bend and straighten each knee alternately, as though running, but do not lift toes from floor. Swing arms, freely while doing this and keep on for several minutes, briskly.

Another: Place a small object on the floor. A book will do. Stand on the end of the book, on toes, and balance up and down, lowering the heels as far as possible each time. Keep your arms to your sides for this one.

It's a good idea, while you are dressing yourself, or undressing, to try to keep on your toes all the time. This for the sake of the ankles. It's also a good idea—if you have very little time for exercise—to try dressing and undressing without sitting down, for the benefit of the bending and stretching it will occasion.

While it's perfectly possible to give yourself lovely legs and ankles, don't fool yourself that it's a speedy process, for it isn't. Those who go through the stretching, relaxing, kicking and shaking exercises may begin to note some improvement in a

month, but don't be discouraged if it's three months before you see a very decided change. It's persistence that produces the desired, and desirable, results.

Sylvia Sidney has a very beautiful back, as you may have noticed.

If your own is not as straight and lovely, you might try this exercise. It's also very good for round shoulders.

Stand straight and throw the head back. Imagine that a rope is hanging just above your head. Reach up high with the right hand and grasp the rope. Pull it down, and then reach up with the left hand. Keep the shoulders normal. Continue hauling down your imaginary rope until you begin to tire.

Carole Lombard, as you will note by her measurements as well as your own eyesight when you look at her pictures, has ideal hips. Gail Patrick has very lovely arms.

As a rule the upper arm gets insufficient exercise so that tissues become flaccid and bulky. To keep them supple and beautiful, massage as directed above, after taking the following exercises:

Stand erect with arms stretched over head, palms facing but apart; bring forearms down briskly, elbows bent close to the head, and touch shoulder blades behind with fingertips, until you feel the flabby muscles underneath the arms pull tightly.

Stand erect, arms above head, hands clasped. Bend to the right until you feel the pull, then to the left.

"Nat" and "Googie"

Continued from page 16

almost the last Hollywood couple to perform this fascinating trick of pulling an infant out of a plug hat, or finding one under a yucca plant. Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Miss Miriam Hopkins and many more have adopted successfully. In fact, so novel and interesting is the achievement of offspring in the old-fashioned way that such crown princes as Richard Arlen, Jr., become nine-day wonders, and are interviewed by scores of reporters before they can even say "ga-ga." The fact remains that "Nat" and "Googie" are going to adopt a darling little baby, preferably one good at thinking up jokes.

Item Two: By the time you read this (assuming of course that you *do* read it), Burns and Allen will be charging around Europe on their first extended tour of the Older World.

It is also their first genuine holiday in years. Personally, I think collecting the pay check they do would be the world's dandiest vacation, but I may be commercial. They plan to explore Gibraltar, the French and Italian Rivas, and Italy. Then they will plunge headlong through the Balkans into Soviet Russia. Of this, more anon.

Item Three: Miss Allen's brother will positively NOT accompany them on their trotting of the globe. They seem to feel that Gracie alone will be about all Moscow can stand, this summer. Furthermore, I note a slight weariness with the fellow, both on the part of his creators and some portion of the listening public. It is probable that he will retire, gag by gag, into private life, and you can take this as coming straight from the paddock.

So much for the "news." Personally, I feel that "Nat" and "Googie," as man and woman, are far more diverting than the mere fact that they are assuming the burdens of foster-parenthood. Let's look closely.

As I've said, I found the Burns and Allen apartment, high above the bright green of Central Park. I find that actors in the money always take apartments overlooking Central Park. Perhaps it cheers them to think that they have avoided the necessity of sleeping in it.

My date was for High Noon. My noon was not quite high enough, so a male voice from a bedroom urged patience. I looked about the living room.

A mountain of lilacs, which at that time were blooming frantically on every Gotham street-corner. A radio giving off a soothing High Noon sort of waltz. And on a large table a working library of four small books.

Two were "Boners" and "More Boners"—popular collections of journalistic bulls. One volume chastely titled "Wisecracks," which seemed to be a sort of modern Joe Miller. The fourth was a book of Ogden Nash's verse. No doubt these are diligently thumbed for germs of ideas, and then carpentered into screen and radio jokes by the comical little couple. It must always be remembered that Burns and Allen's jokes are diligently built up, gadget by gadget, like garages or Fords.

Mr. Burns then made his appearance, freshly shaven and informally dressed, and looking very professorial in glasses. Then, from another door popped "Googie," four and a half feet of cuteness in black satin pajamas.

Mr. B. ignited a long brown cigarro, and offered one to me.

"A White Owl, no doubt," I said, that being the brand which is ballyhooed by the team's air hour.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Burns, breezily. "It's

a Bobby Burns panatela, in fact."

"Foul traitor!" I accused.

"Nix," said Mr. B. "They're made by the same firm."

"Ah," I said.

"It's a funny thing," went on the comedian. "A lot of radio actors complain of sponsor-trouble, which is something like shooting pains in the back and spots before the eyes, only worse. Here we've been broadcasting nearly three years, with no sponsor trouble at all. Why, we've never even seen our sponsors!"

"Maybe that's why," I innuendoed.



Answers Hollywood's call! Elizabeth Allan returns from a trip abroad to assume an important rôle in "David Copperfield" and other film assignments.

I drew these two nice little people away from the roaring air waves, coaxing the conversation back to the days when they were hard-working vaudeville actors, who kicked about dressing-rooms, groused about hotels—members of a now-vanished race.

For then I was a Burns and Allen fan, and they were delighted to labor mightily for a few hundred a week, facing, every Monday, a fresh gang of blasé people out front who double-dared a comic to make them laugh.

And Burns and Allen forgot the big hotel suite and the big radio and screen contracts—and reminiscent, far-away smiles lighted up their faces.

"You know," said Mr. B., "when Gracie and I first teamed up, I was the funny man. I had the answers, and all Gracie had was the questions. It didn't take us long to find out that the questions got more laughs than the answers. So now Gracie has the answers, and everything is fine."

Gracie was remembering, too.

"Those were funny days. Some good and some bad. I guess the toughest week

we ever played was the one when we had to follow those pretty little Hilton girls, the Siamese twins, on a bill. Imagine trying to follow those lovely little freaks, with all the customers sobbing. We died!"

Then Nat chimed in. "Or the midgets. Those weeks were tough, too. They insisted on cooking goulash and all kinds of Hungarian messes in their dressing-rooms, and smelling up the whole theatre. It was terrific."

Believe me, there was an honestly touching tone to these young-old troupers' voices as they talked of their vagabond days. But were they mourning their passing? In your hat they were!

For Burns and Allen, after the lean years, have reached those of plenty. They are playing big gold harps in the Actors' Heaven of Financial Security. Soon they would sail away on a stately ship—first class, and all that.

They asked about Russia, when they found I had been twice to the strange Red country. I told them of the bright red water that flows from the hotel taps, and the dance band at the Metropole in Moscow that plays ancient American jazz, and of the fountain there into which one can fall if one is in the mood for falling into fountains.

They ate it up. Gee—who wouldn't give her new red boots to spend a few days in Moscow with Mr. Burns and Miss Allen? Colossal is too timid a word for it.

The talk leaped backward 7,000 miles, to Hollywood.

Maybe you've seen their latest picture, "Many Happy Returns," by now. It's an epoch-maker for Burns and Allen. For the first time in their long career they don't tell these long jerry-built jokes, but play straight dialogue-and-situation comedy, just as written by the studio author-gang.

"I hope it goes over," says Burns. "Up to now we've always taken the dialogue and put it into our words. Burns and Allen, and no jokes! It certainly seemed funny."

I hoped, silently, that it WOULD be funny.

And the future, for these case-hardened vets who switched with the changing times?

How can it be otherwise than as golden and giddy as the present? They've got two years to go under a fine Paramount contract. They don't want to be starved.

"We think it's smarter to sneak into a picture and try to steal it," says the Gracie, slyly. You sense immediately that she is the One. There's a mighty mess of horse-sense in that pretty head of hers.

Radio? Their popularity holds up. They can talk into microphones until George has to be carried into the studio, and Gracie's high giggle turns bass.

They like living in Hollywood, which is somewhat unusual for eastern thespians of any type. Parties? "Who goes to parties?" says Burns. "Everybody goes to the fights on Friday, but nobody sees the fights because everybody is waving at each other. It's terrific."

Lucky pair, "Nat" and "Googie." No fear of those two going Hollywood. They've eaten at too many railroad-station beaneries to lose the common touch—and their sense of humor.

So off they go, hand in hand. Nice folks. Regular. And I still say that the sight of the season will be Gracie Allen (without her brother) standing in the shadow of the Kremlin Wall!

Good luck, troupers! Don't take any wooden roubles!

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 67



Genevieve Tobin poses aboard the liner that took her to Europe for a vacation from the film studios.

QUEER indeed are the turns and twists of fate and circumstance in the studios. There is Dorothy Wilson, just for instance. Once she was a secretary at the Radio Pictures studio. An executive saw her—and she became an actress.

She remained an actress under contract to this same studio for several months, then she was released. Work failed to come, and it appeared that she would have to return to typing—(she kept in practice just for such an emergency, Dorothy says). Then a new picture rôle in "Eight Girls In a Boat" popped up—and all of a sudden, Dorothy Wilson burst forth sensationally.

The climax of this anecdote is that Radio Pictures recently borrowed Dorothy, at eight times her former salary, for a new film!

HOLLYWOOD presents only a rough road for would-be stars who resemble already-established stars. There was, for instance, Sigrun Solvason, professionally known as Rae Randall—but better known as "the girl who is a double for Garbo."

Unable to find work, Miss Solvason committed suicide. A part of her heart-break was revealed in a story of her life which she had been writing, a book in which she expressed sorrow that she had been unable to win fame on the screen.

She once doubled for Greta on the screen. Perhaps this accounted for the only bit of sentimentalism Garbo has ever exhibited in Hollywood—a wreath of flowers sent to the funeral parlors.

(Continued on page 97)



She's vogue! Carole Lombard wearing one of her favorite lounging costumes, above.

I'M WONDERING, has Suzanne Kaaren a sense of humor, or does she qualify as a member of the beautiful-but-dumb class of gals?

Suzanne was working with a chorus in "Free Golf," when the director suddenly shouted: "Cut, camera. What's the matter with you girls? You're all out of step but Sue."

Whereupon Suzanne turned to her sister chorines and indignantly demanded: "Say, what's wrong with you girls!"

THAT very ominous grumble from out Hollywood-way is Carole Lombard, mumbling to herself after her appearance on a national radio program. Carole, it seems, appeared on the air with a certain big masculine star who, it is reported, received six thousand, five hundred dollars for his services. But Carole (she was invited to play opposite this star by the star in person), didn't receive even a box of roses for her efforts.

SLIM SUMMERVILLE'S idea of fun doesn't exactly harmonize with that of the golfers at the Lakeside Club, the movie actors' favorite stroke-and-putt headquarters.

Slim's house is near the second tee, and of late, the thin comedian has been sitting on his front porch with a bugle. Just as his pals start to drive, Slim toots the bugle—and many and shocking are the curses that are flung his way.

IF THERE were a law against puns, Stuart Erwin would get a life sentence for his: "Could a lingerie model be called a queen of the undie world?"



In the Egyptian mood! Claudette Colbert, above, studies her make-up and prepares to become an Egyptian Queen in the flesh when she steps onto the stage to enact the title rôle in "Cleopatra."

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Kay Tells About Bill

Continued from page 18

early the next morning. We were on location and it was frightfully hot and I became cross, really, very irritable. Finally I blew up in my lines and went all to pieces. Bill sauntered over and sat down beside me saying, quietly, 'Kay, if I didn't love you and understand how utterly exhausted you were, I'd, well, I'd—I'd *spank you!*'

"That made me laugh. We both howled at the imaginary picture his words suggested and this broke the tension I had been on. Everything was serene after that.

"We always laugh and joke when we are together; our humor seems pitched in the same key; but we are very serious when making a picture, for we feel it requires all our concentration. Bill has taught me to keep from getting a one-track mind regarding my rôle. In studying his characters he likes to twist the story around, figuring out different angles in the psychology of the persons involved, and you would be amazed how this broadens one's understanding of the drama as a whole and of your own rôle in particular."

After a moment's thought, Kay said she considered Bill's outstanding quality was his deep understanding, his ability always to see the other person's side of the question. The only fault she could think of was his inability to be on time.

"He even kids himself by keeping his watch set exactly thirty-one minutes fast," she merrily explained, "but even that doesn't help much. He's quite hopeless in this."

Kay's own life sparkles with varied experiences that give her, also, a vast under-

standing of love and of people. Perhaps this is the key to their mutual congeniality.

Educated through European travel and exclusive schools, Kay took an early fling at business. She sold real estate, was a social secretary, and promoted Raquel Meller when she blazed through America several years ago. She's been married three times, beginning at seventeen, and only recently divorced Kenneth MacKenna, and each marriage carried her into an entirely different environment. Besides, she's won stage success and fame as a foremost motion picture star.

You would doubtless be surprised to see Kay Francis off the screen. She looks so much smaller and far more girlish than she does in her pictures. The day of our talk she was wearing a smart brown ensemble but she confesses she cares little for clothes—except for her pictures.

Some distant day Kay wants to return to the stage and win new laurels. Well, some day, perhaps. But we film fans wouldn't like to spare her or the combination of Powell and Francis, from our screens. They supply an ideal team of ultra-sophisticates.

Remembering Bill's great charm and feeling the glow of Kay's radiant personality, a thought flashed through my mind. A gorgeous thought. I hardly dare breathe it for I'm sure they will both take a shot at me when they read this. But—wouldn't it be great, now that they are both matrimonially free, if this popular reel-love-team of William Powell and Kay Francis should be duplicated in a real-life romance, with all the "happy-ever-after" sequences left into the drama?

And Bill Tells About Kay

Continued from page 19

helped. Then came pictures, and how I've enjoyed them. In my first film, 'The Bright Shawl,' I met Richard Barthelmess, and we have been great friends ever since. In my second, 'Romola,' I met Ronald Colman, who proved another true pal."

I asked him how he kept fit—aside from a careful diet, for watching him at luncheon I'm sure he counts his calories. His reply is characteristic.

"It's easier to keep from annexing the fatal 'bay window,' and jowls, than to lose them. So every day I look intently into the swimming-pool. I think a lot about tennis, and talk a dandy game of golf. But really, I keep fit by worrying. Sophisticated—poised—suave! Good Lord! Why, any little thing can upset me. I'm a very fine worrier and it makes me lose weight. I'm fittest when I'm lean. So there you are!"

Walking out into the garden I thought again of Carole. Everyone knows that Bill was madly in love with her. Yet in two years the marriage ended. Their divorce was one of those friendly affairs and they continue to go about together, being very comradey.

When I finally spoke of Carole, his reply was casual. He lives in an atmosphere of social poise, of cultivated sophistication where real feelings are kept out of sight.

"We all generalize, talk platitudes," he said. "None of us speaks freely of vital things. Our 'big moments' are lived within ourselves and—alone. We don't trot them out on parade. It just isn't done."

"Life is built of experiences and no one ever really learns. A child burns his fingers in the fire and vows he'll never do it again. But he does. He goes right on burning his fingers all through life."

"I don't know what my future holds. I'm not making any wild assertions. I may marry again. I may not. You know, just having married and divorced doesn't change me as a man. Perhaps I'm still susceptible to feminine charm!"

"We all need women in our lives. They are the incentive for every man's ambitions and achievements. When we are around twenty-five we can tell you all about the fair sex. But the older we become the less we know about them. All women are charming, all lovely!"

Right now Bill Powell is more interested in his screen work than ever before, having recently set out on a free-lance adventure after being under studio contract for years. He feels this course will bring him more suitable rôles. Already he has made "Manhattan Melodrama," with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, and "The Thin Man," from Dashiell Hammett's story. He has enough excellent parts lined up to keep him busy for more than a year. At that time, he rather wistfully suggested, he would like a real vacation in Southern France.

While our chat had been more or less serious, Powell has an engaging humor that seldom finds a place on the screen. This is a loss. Perhaps in some of his new films he will be given a chance to lighten his sophisticated characterizations with his gift of wit that is so adroit and so effervescent. I think that facet of Powell's character would appeal to the public.

Bill's final words, as he stepped into his car to dash to the studio, were, "I sincerely hope I shall have many more pictures with Kay Francis. It is such fun to work with her and also, a great satisfaction. You see, we speak the same language."



"Try and
get this
snapshot
back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Jean and Jane. We might as well get all our arguments dusted off and straightened out before we take up the monthly business of giving out ages, weights, and measures of our favorite screen personalities. Ronald Colman was married years ago to Thelma Raye, an English actress, but has been separated from her for a long time. Ronald's first American picture was "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish, released in 1922. His last one is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" with Loretta Young, Warner Oland, and Charles Butterworth.

William L. Thelma Todd played opposite the Marx Brothers in "Horse Feathers." In their last fun riot "Duck Soup," Raquel Torres, Margaret Dumont and Verna Hillé supplied the female interest. In one of Charlie Chase's latest short comedies, he plays the four brothers. Aren't you still laughing and having the stitches taken from your side?

Anne H. Western pictures and stories of the great outdoors have not decreased in popularity as much as some fans think. Buck Jones' program for Universal studios includes a serial and six adventure features. One of Buck's latest, in which Dorothy Revier plays opposite, is "The Fighting Ranger." Remember Paddy O'Flynn? See this picture and you'll see Paddy again on the screen. Cecelia Parker is a free-lance player, appearing with many of the Western players. Cecelia was born on April 26, 1914, in Fort William, Ontario, Canada. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has blond hair and hazel eyes. She is not a recruit from the stage.

Vera K. With so many actors of fine ability, it's difficult to have a full page picture of every one's favorite in SCREENLAND every month. David Manners was born in

Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1902. Real name is Rauff Acklom. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 169 pounds and has green-grey eyes and brown hair. He made a very favorable impression in his first picture, "Journey's End," and also in Eddie Cantor's cinema "Roman Scandals."

Mrs. E. S. In "The Power and the Glory," Ralph Morgan was Henry, the old man who tells the life story of his old friend, the railroad president. Other principals in the cast were Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, and Sarah Padden, who played Henry's wife. So you've missed Nancy Carroll in pictures—she has been doing things on the stage but you'll see her again on the screen in the movie version of "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger and Heather Angel.

Romance Lover. Don't flatter yourself—aren't we all in search of romance? And speaking of Dennis King; he was born November 2, 1907, in Warwickshire, England. His wife is Edith Write and they have two children. Dennis made "Vagabond King" in 1930 and was in "Paramount Parade" in the same year. Mr. King is now appearing on the American stage in "Richard of Bordeaux."

Jerry and Jack. I've been told by various "cut-ups" that it isn't a laughing matter to be funny, so when you are laughing over some dry wit and saucy quips, think how hard your entertainer works to get a chuckle from you! Cary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill on February 9, 1934, in London, England. Cary was born in Bristol, England, but forgets to tell us the date. He has wavy black hair, dark brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. His real name is Archie Leach. He made his first pictures in 1931. He played in "I'm No Angel" with Mae West



Screen debby! Drue Leyton smiles at you from the picture above. Drue made her film début only recently and now is scheduled for bigger parts.

and was the Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland." His current release is "Thirty Day Princess" with Sylvia Sydney.

Eleanore Z. Among the popular household names with words and music is that of Bing Crosby—a picture with Bing at your favorite cinema palace or dust off the radio and there you have Bing with a bang. Your favorite crooner, please excuse us, Bing was born May 2, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. His wife is Dixie Lee and they have a young son, Gary. His latest features are "We're Not Dressing," and "She Loves Me Not." (Ah—but she does, Bing!)

Rubin K. We are all waiting for still more grand pictures starring Diana Wynyard. She is in "Where Sinners Meet," with Clive Brook. She has appeared in "Men Must Fight" with Lewis Stone, Phillips Holmes, Robert Young, May Robson and Mary Carlisle; "Cavalcade" with Clive Brook, Margaret Lindsay, Mary Forbes, Frank Lawton, John Warburton, Herbert Mundin, Claude King and David Torrence, and a host of other well-known actors; and in "Reunion in Vienna" with John Barrymore, Frank Morgan, and May Robson.



Wagged his way to fame! Here's "Skipper," the wire-haired terrier which enacted Asta in the screen version of "The Thin Man," sharing camera honors with two of his fellow actors in that film; William Powell and Myrna Loy. He's graciously telling you "they were good too."

Tomorrow's Stars

Continued from page 53

stardom. But they are not being rushed to the top of the ladder. They are being moved slowly upward, bit by bit, rung by rung. Movie executives have long since learned the bitter lesson of pushing young players too quickly to stellar rôles. Too many promising careers have been spoiled because they were forced forward too hastily.

But my purpose is not to extol the newer methods of star-making, nor to hold brief for those who were pushed forward too rapidly, and who toppled as a result. I have really taken you through the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in order that you might meet each young player in person, and decide for yourselves what each is like, and what are their ambitions and plans.

Here comes Florine McKinney. She is a slender, graceful child-woman. She is five feet, two and one-half inches tall, and if the scales tip to more than 106 pounds when she deposits her penny, she knows those scales are wrong. Florine has soft brown hair that she habitually brushes straight back from her face. She has gray-blue eyes; restless eyes that are inquisitive and prying; eyes that seem always to be seeking new things to see.

Florine is of nervous disposition; seldom still; she moves with quick little motions—quick but graceful motions, like a robin on a tree limb. With all her delicate stature, she is very athletic, a fine swimmer and horsewoman.

"Since early childhood I have been ambitious to have a career," Florine confesses. "When I was seven, I studied dancing—and I yearned to be a second Pavlova. At ten I commenced to study piano, and then I wanted to be a female Paderewski! I started singing lessons when I was sixteen, and my new idol was Marion Talley.

"What do I want to be in the future? I hope I can develop into a singing star, like Jeanette MacDonald. I mean, one who can both sing and act. If I cannot sing, and must remain just an actress, I would like to be a cross between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, if you can figure that out."

More than likely, Miss McKinney will become a singing star, for she and another girl tied for first honors in the Atwater Kent radio auditions staged for the state of Texas.

Next, let me introduce lovely Jean Parker, the darling of her studio. Jean is the girl whose photograph, in a bathing suit, attracted M-G-M executives' attention and won her a screen test and eventually a contract. Jean is five feet, three inches tall, and she weighs 109 pounds. She has heavy brown hair that is inclined to be curly without the aid of artificialities. She also has large, hazel eyes that are as soft and appealing as the eyes of a young deer—and you must have seen the beautiful eyes of a deer to understand the comparison.

Miss Parker is such a versatile young lady, too. She has studied commercial art, at which she is adept. She is an exceptional ballet dancer, and should she choose to desert the screen, she has offers to tour as a concert dancer. She is a fine pianist, and she writes unusually well. She is, it must now be apparent to you, an artist to her finger tips.

Older players—May Robson, Lionel Barrymore, and Marie Dressler among them—have waxed rhapsodic in their praise of Jean. They see in her the light of great dramatic achievement—but meanwhile little

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to train in these Hollywood Styles?



One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.



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Miss Parker yearns to do lighter Ibsen and Barrie characters, "Peter Pan" among them. I am only one of hundreds in Hollywood who, after seeing this lovely girl in "Lady For a Day" and "Little Women," began singing her praises and predicting stardom for her future.

Time is fleeting, and we have many more young players to visit. So, goodbye Jean Parker—and hello, Mary Carlisle. *Cuddly* best describes Mary. Five feet and one inch small. One hundred pounds of hold-me-closer curves and more curves. Ash-blond hair, and beeg, beeg blue eyes that are almost round!

Mary looks, talks, and acts like a doll. She pouts adorably; she smiles contagiously; she bubbles personality until mere man succumbs to her every wish. Strangely for such a vivacious personality, Miss Carlisle yearns to play heavy drama. Helen Hayes is her ideal actress, and Mary would give her very heart one day to play the rôles that Miss Hayes does now. When she is not at work, and Miss Hayes is making a picture, Mary may invariably be found seated in a nook of Helen's sets, intently watching her favorite actress enact difficult scenes.

That pretty newlywed, Martha Sleeper, (Mrs. Hardie Albright to her friends), is the next M-G-M starlet. Please step up, Martha, and meet your public-to-be. Miss Sleeper—she is certainly wide awake when it comes to her career—was originally put under contract by Metro because she was (and is) a second Joan Crawford. She doesn't look like Joan, nor act as Joan acts—but the old IT—the old S. A.—that belongs to Joan is mirrored in Martha.

Miss Sleeper's start as an actress was a most amazing accident. She and her mother moved to Hollywood with the intention that the daughter should pursue a career. She had no luck at all until she moved from the house in which she was living into an apartment. The vacated house was leased by director Emory Johnson. The director's mother found a photograph of Martha that had been left behind. She showed the picture to Johnson, who straightway employed Miss Sleeper for her first picture rôle.

Martha is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, and she weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She has long-bobbed, dark brown hair, and large, brown eyes. She is an accomplished pianist and harpist, and she handles a mean tennis racquet and a sturdy golf club. She hopes for great dramatic rôles, and if you saw her in "Penthouse" and "Glory and the Girl," you will admit that she needs only training and opportunity.

Hide, everybody! Here comes *Miss Mischief* in person—Joan Gale, who can think of more devilry in one minute than the average imp can conceive in an hour. But when she turns on that million-candle-power smile, all is forgiven.

Joan is one of four stage sisters, advertised as a quartette, but really two sets of twins. They are Joan, Jean, June and Jane, and not one of them would fail to turn masculine heads on any public street. They are accomplished dancers, but in addition, Joan sings—and she's a prize package as a comedienne. That's one reason she is under contract. Studio executives think she combines the charm of Claudette Colbert with the laugh-producing talents of the late Mabel Normand. Those executives think she may develop into one of the screen's most popular comediennesses.

Miss Gale-of-laughter is just five feet, one and one-half inches in height, and she tips the scales to 105 right after dinner. Her hair is dark brown, with just a reddish tint, and her eyes are hazel. Once she wanted to be a doctor or a newspaper writer, but now her sole aim is screen and

stage success. She was featured on the New York stage in "Flying High" with Bert Lahr, and in "Scandals" with Rudy Vallee. Joan is yet new to pictures, but see her in "The Merry Widow," and you'll no doubt welcome her into the fold.

Comes now an Irene Dunne type—a quiet, very beautiful girl named Irene Hervey. She doesn't look at all like Miss Dunne, yet there is about her the same subtle charm, the same unexpressed but nevertheless apparent determination, and the same exquisite mannerisms of the perfect lady. Strangely, the heights and weights of the two are nearly exact—Miss Hervey is five feet, four inches tall and she weighs 114 pounds. Her hair is the same shade of brown as Miss Dunne's hair. Her eyes are hazel-brown.

Irene's contract is a reward for perseverance. For weeks she parked herself daily outside the offices of the studio casting director. At last she was noticed, and she was given a chance to study in the M-G-M stock school, at no salary. Miss Hervey spent another eight months in that school, before she was given her first screen opportunity in "Stranger's Return." Her work in the picture brought about the present contract.

Miss Hervey is very ambitious. In addition to continuing her studies with Oliver Hinsdale, M-G-M's studio dramatics-coach, she studies privately under Samuel Kayser, one of the West Coast's better known teachers of the drama. When she is not occupied at the studio, she enacts rôles, (without salary), for a small stock company. She spends most of her spare time reading plays, both modern and classical.

Her first stage idol was Louella Gear, whom she saw in "Poppy" and "Queen High" several years ago. Miss Hervey, if she has her own way, will follow in the footsteps of Miss Gear, who is a charming interpreter of whimsical comedy.

Muriel Evans is another of the well-curved type—almost what is known the chorus-girl type (like Toby Wing). She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, and has blonde hair and very blue eyes. She is indeed an entrancing eyeful, which you need not be told if you saw her in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," "Midnight Mary" and "Made On Broadway."

While Muriel's present love is the screen, her first love was the stage, and eventually she expects to return to a career behind the footlights. But not for a few years—she is under contract, and officials of the company show no signs of releasing her.

Whose voice is that I hear, crooning blues? Surely it must be—in fact, could only be—yes, it is Shirley Ross. For nine months, Shirley sang blues-songs with Gus Arnheim's orchestra. There, now you know her by voice, if not by sight. You can't imagine what you've missed by not knowing Miss Ross by sight, too.

She is M-G-M's only contractee red-head. Red hair and gray eyes *do* make such a nice combination! Shirley is five feet, four inches tall, and she weighs 118 pounds. To prove to you how very lovely she is, let me tell you that the very first night she sang with Arnheim's orchestra in a Los Angeles hotel, she was seen by two studio executives—and both ordered their casting directors to call Miss Ross into conference. M-G-M acted first, and tests proved that Shirley not only could sing, but she could act—and she photographed well. Did you see her in her debut picture, a short feature, "Jail Birds of Paradise"? Shirley first saw the light of day in Omaha, Nebraska. Shirley has gray eyes that are round and curious, like a kitten's. Early in life (earlier, that is, for Shirley is still "early"), her family moved to Hollywood, where she attended

high school, then the University of California, Los Angeles branch. She made quite a success of singing in school plays, so during summer vacation, she sang at a local hotel. She was seen by pictures scouts, and here she is. Be sure to see and hear Shirley in "Hollywood Party" and "The Merry Widow." She will walk right into your heart.

Last, and for the moment perhaps least-known, (but just you keep an eye on her), allow me to introduce Ruth Channing. Another blonde—but such a luscious one. Five feet, three and one-half inches; 115 pounds; blue eyes. *Mmmmmmmmm!*

Ruth is very new to the screen. Her only two pictures are "Men In White" and "Hollywood Party." But her vivacious personality assures her of bigger and better rôles to come, and she is decidedly worthy of your attention.

And there goes the end of the parade. The last of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlets has passed before your eyes. You have seen that studio's bid for tomorrow's fame.

Perhaps you will say, if you have seen any or all of these young players on the screen, that you do not believe they can ever replace present-day favorites. Before you make such a statement, remember that

a few years ago, the same Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio had Helen Chadwick, Aileen Pringle, Renée Adorée, Bessie Love, and other then-famous actresses under contract. At that time, the studio executives employed a number of newcomers, who, they believed, might or might not become stars in the years to come.

Those newcomers included Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Anita Page, Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil and many more whose names today decorate theatre marquees the world over. Who can say that among the young starlets now under contract to M-G-M are not at least a few of the Garbos and Harlows and Shearers of five years hence?

Next month I shall take you to another studio on our tour in search of tomorrow's stars. Our next stop will be the Burbank studio of the Warner Brothers-First National Company. Here is another company that prides itself on its individual stars, and on its aggressiveness in preparing for tomorrow.

Executives of Warner Brothers-First National have an even bigger parade of young players than has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, so be sure and join me next month, when I visit the studio over the hills in Burbank.

The "Imp" that is Known as Angel

Continued from page 24

semester, "why have you been on the games field only twice this term?" Poor Heather had always been "kept in" by one mistress or another, so she never got to games. The extraordinary thing was that in spite of her naughty ways everyone adored her. Even a principal was known to shed a tear after she had said: "Heather Angel is a hopeless case. She must leave the school. She doesn't know a thing and we can't teach her."

Some teachers said she was stupid, but the folks at home knew otherwise. She always was helping some one and doing all the things other people hadn't the time or the inclination to do. She would take unlimited pains over any problem she was interested in—just so long as it didn't have to do with a lesson book!

Heather could fix the electric light or bells if they went wrong. If the clock stopped, she could take it to pieces, and what is more, put it together again to make it go. Carpentering intrigued her amazingly and she never complained when she hammered her thumb. She was quite a good cook and if she ever did sew the work was done neatly. If anyone were ill, Heather, even as a child, was a wonderful nurse.

She read a good deal, especially poetry, and sometimes she would recite. People invariably found themselves either laughing or crying after one of her recitations. No one, however, ever thought of analyzing this talent; she was just a funny little thing.

All this, of course, didn't help in the classroom. Her friends and relatives considered her rather a problem—it never occurred to anybody she had been absorbing a great deal in school, but, probably through poor teaching, was unable to reveal this knowledge.

"She would make such a wonderful teacher," her mother said, in despair. "She has patience and sympathy, only she doesn't know anything at all—so what can she teach?"

Matters were shaping themselves, however, for one day Mrs. Angel picked up a syllabus of the Polytechnical schools in

London. They had classes in Shakespeare, Readings, Dramatic Art, Fencing and Dancing. Upon Heather's request, she was enrolled as a student, and ere the term had progressed far along Heather was at the head of every class. The school offered her a scholarship.

She didn't take the scholarship, though, because she went for an audition at the Old Vic Theatre in London, where Shakespeare is enacted. Heather doesn't know how she existed through that week after the audition. Would they take her or wouldn't they? They did!

She began her stage career as a page holding a banner. Such a vivid, dark-eyed page that audiences noticed her immediately! She worked all day: lessons in dancing (her dancing now is quite beautiful) in voice, in reading, lessons in everything connected with the stage. Heather wasn't considered stupid any more.

After her year was up at the Old Vic, she went on tour with a company playing "The Sign of the Cross." The cast was so small that she took the part of *Stephanus*, the Christian boy tortured by the Romans, and also headed the dancing girls in the big revel scene!

The troupe toured the British Isles and Heather came to know how very uncomfortable theatrical lodging-house beds can be. She always carried her own suit cases and walked from the station to her lodgings. Two pounds a week isn't affluence. Besides her suit cases and odd bundles of things shoved in paper bags at the last moment, she generally was to be seen clutching a precious pot of jam too valuable to be left behind.

That tour started her travelling days, and upon its completion ten months later, she set out, with seven others, on February 1, 1929, to tour the Orient. Here was a thrill indeed.

Off they went, and after two days at sea all were in their bunks wondering why they'd come and wishing the boat would sink. Fortunately, sea-sickness doesn't last forever, and when they disembarked at Gibraltar they felt quite fit and ready to act.

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Heather played the part of a vamp in their first presentation, and so great was her appeal the papers couldn't write enough about her. After a week at that British town, the company went on to India, where Heather met her sister, married to an army officer.

The troupe then toured practically the whole of India, encountering extremes of climate that were terrific. Sometimes they acted in a theatre, but more often they gave their performances in a tent or barn. From India, they journeyed to the Federated Malay States and then on to China. On the way home they touched again in India and made their last foreign appearance in Egypt.

In nearly every town they played young men proposed marriage to Heather. But by that time she had a very definite aim. She knew what she wanted to do. She wanted to become a very good actress, and you really can't be married and settled down in the desert or some place if you want to be an actress. So she came home with her heart in her work, having had a great deal of experience. The company had performed a whole repertoire of plays.

London wasn't in the least moved by her return, and all she could get was the smallest part in a tiny theatre. But through that engagement came the opportunity to enter motion pictures.

Before a week was out, a girl in the cast told her, "You're exactly the girl they want for that film, 'The City of Song.'" Heather applied for a test, and the very next day she was on her way to Italy for her first appearance before the camera.

When the company didn't work, she and several of the cast would take a boat and sail round the lovely island of Capri. Jan Kiepura, also in the film, would accompany them and sing love songs while they floated on that blue sea with the little waves lap-

ping softly against the sides of the boat.

Returning to London, Heather went on the stage again, occasionally playing in pictures at the same time. In an amazingly short time, she became a favorite of both the stage and screen and later went to Germany to appear in a German film. While working in Berlin Fox executives were attracted to her, and their interest led to her present contract with that company in Hollywood.

Just two inches over five feet tall, with soft brown hair and lustrous brown eyes, you never would suspect this girl had ever led anything but a cloistered life. Slight, infinitely dainty and delicate in appearance, she is so ethereally beautiful that it is difficult to imagine her ever being impish, a trouper who has acted nearly 'round the world.

She first came to the attention of the American public through her superb performance opposite Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." She displayed a flair for acting in that production many an older and more seasoned player might well envy. Her work denotes a quiet thoroughness most convincing.

A tip-top sportswoman, she enjoys horseback riding and seizes every opportunity to indulge in that activity. Swimming and tennis also come in for their share of attention, and whenever she has a day to herself she will take Pepper, her spotted Dalmatian pup, for a scramble up the mountain-side.

Despite her success as an actress, Heather Angel still is the same modest and simple person she was in her girlhood. Blessed with a gentle disposition, she never grumbles if things go wrong. Perhaps she has inherited a sense of tranquillity from those old colleges she loved so long ago—and inherited a great tradition from that father of hers, who gave up his life to save others.

Are the Stars Overpaid?

Continued from page 23

the head, his eyes narrowed, his jaw firmed.

"What has the general prying public and all the carping critics to do with it anyway—how much salary the movie stars get, for example? If it will do any one of *them* the least good, then let them go ahead and split the big salaries! I can tell you, it would do just as much good as splitting the head of Einstein, thinking by so doing they were going to share his brains and his fame. All right! Let us suppose that they *do* take all the jobs and the salaries away from the high-priced movie people. What then? Will it help anybody? I'll be hanged if I can see how it would help an ordinary hack pianist—to use another illustration—by having Paderewski's right hand cut off. Can you? What advantage or disadvantage would it be to you or to anybody else if a Hollywood actor gets more or less salary? Fancy, your making some complete stranger happy because *you* have had the misfortune to have your salary cut!"

Mr. Barrymore sank down again in the armchair, thoughtfully but regretfully shaking his head over such an unnecessary catastrophe. The next minute he was up again pacing the floor, clapping one hand vehemently within the other.

"Anybody—a motion picture actor, a hod carrier or a bank president—if he is *underpaid*—well, it becomes a matter of public as well as private concern. But this accusation against professional people in the employ of a private company receiving too much money for their services, is nobody's damned business but the parties' implicated. Those artists, for example, who directly

make any business profitable largely through their specific labors and talents, their personal endowments and their personality, are just as much entitled to the surplus profits as are the greedy stockholders who do nothing more to contribute to the success of the enterprise than to buy and sell and gamble with its stocks and bonds, without the least personal knowledge or concern over the heart-breaking vicissitudes of the business itself.

"High salaries are not responsible for hard times in the movies; no more than in any other business that happens to be in a bad way these days. Salaries were cut in the movies as in everything else. High salaries indicate but one thing—big profits. Both are in the hands of the gods at the moment."

Again Mr. Barrymore paused before the window and gazed out longingly into the wealth of sunshine as though he would rather at that moment share in Nature's riches than in all the dull gold of high-salaried Hollywood.

I hated to break through his reverie, but Lionel Barrymore must tell the world! "I suppose what they mean is, rather, are Hollywood stars really worth the stupendous salaries they receive?" I ventured.

"Worth it?" He withdrew his eyes from the alluring scene out of doors, some of it still clinging to his gaze. "Don't ask me if movie stars are worth what they are paid. Let the people who pretend to know what they are worth answer that. They should know. They pay for it! If they don't think a show is worth the price of admis-

sion, they don't patronize it. And if audiences don't patronize their pictures, the star will hear about *that* sooner or later! It's all a matter of business and book-keeping and common sense, and not a question for *me* to answer. The salaries of featured players are reckoned according to their drawing powers, and nothing else. And those salaries will continue to remain high just as long as they draw full houses and make money for their employers."

I agreed with Mr. Barrymore and went on to point out that I had heard directly from the management of Radio City Music Hall that Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women" had been conceded the record breaker for all time in the history of the theatre, in taking in \$118,000 through the box-office window in a single week!

"And yet there are those who will be asking, Is Katharine Hepburn worth what they pay her? I suppose." He smiled for the first time, that same old sad smile I had seen so many times on the screen. He seemed somehow less dramatic on the screen than he was in real life. He continued, wearily I thought, rather than irritably, "Is anything really *worth* what you pay for it? I don't know. I don't know. I do know, however, that although we may receive less than we think we are worth, we don't continue for long to get *more* than our employers think we are worth."

He lit a cigarette and asked reflectively, as though he were half speaking to himself: "Does *anybody* earn his salary, his wages, his pay? Isn't it altogether a *personal* matter? How earnestly, or how honestly each fellow does his work? And what if they do get big salaries? What if they aren't worth it? Or if they don't earn them? Does all this talk about it help, or doesn't it? I don't know. I'm no political economist. I doubt if many of them are. It's not worth getting a headache over, is it?"

Lionel Barrymore cradled his hands, leaned back in the chair and suddenly broke out in the old smile again that has touched the hearts of his world audience.

"I've heard a lot about the soft jobs in Hollywood," he went on smiling. "Name any job out there you like, and I'll tell you how hard it was to get it and how easy it is to lose it. You never saw people take their jobs so seriously. If anything, that's partly what is the matter with them. Outside that, they are all just human. I've never noticed any difference in life and human nature out there. Why don't all these critics get together sometime and then get on a train and go out to Hollywood and try to run the place the way they think it ought to be run?" Mr. Barrymore gave the seat of his tufted chair an energetic punch which I think was meant for all Hollywood missionaries.

We were interrupted at this moment by the entry of the bell boy bringing in an armful of fan mail. Mr. Barrymore turned over several of the letters thoughtfully. "All interested in Hollywood, you see. I wonder why it is the whole world is worried and over-anxious about Hollywood and the people who live in it? We seem to be constantly on their minds. Good gosh! We're not a social experiment out there, or an economic problem. Strictly speaking, we are in the show business—that's all."

In the gleam of his steel-blue eyes from under his shaggy brows, I caught something of the appealing glance of *Kringelein* in "Grand Hotel." I felt some of the reason why Barrymore pierced our hearts in his characterizations of thwarted middle-aged and old age. He was not so much afraid that the world wouldn't understand him, as that it *would*. At heart he was always the true artist afraid that he might attain the business man's kind of success—which to

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2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
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him would mean failure. He despised the big-salary success for itself, and yet he would defend with his last breath the right of his colleagues to their own big salaries. It was this futile streak in his make-up that even now made his words and his actions so dramatic and appealing. I shouldn't forget in a hurry just that way he said, "I don't know. I don't know."

"Here's one who wants to be an actor," he said, opening and glancing over a letter. "I suppose he's got as much chance as another. Naturally, the novice can't learn to play the piano in a boarding house, as he would in a conservatory under Paderewski! Hollywood has many capable screen actors who never saw the boards. It gets right down to a matter of individualities—Hollywood or anywhere else.

"To me Hollywood is just another place. You have to have some place to light on. I lighted on Hollywood. As a place it doesn't mean a darned thing to me. I'm afraid that a lot of people out there think that the thing *they* do and the place they are in is all-important to the rest of the world. Thank God, that our country is so big and so wide that none of us has to worry about sticking in one place forever. If you stay in one place too long, you'll probably get barnacles and lose track of outside things. That happens in time to everyone—everywhere. People have asked me: What has Hollywood done to you—or for you. And I always tell them that they might better ask, What have I done to Hollywood—for or against?

"Oh, let them talk." Mr. Barrymore lit another cigarette and gave a characteristic shrug and a smile still half sad. "They talk

about a lot of foolish things—about the films taking the place of the stage some day! And they tell you that the movies are getting back to romance again. The film drama is taking more and more interest in Life, if that is what they mean. Life as it really is lived and not in some plot formula about life—like we used to get it on screen and stage. If there is more romance in life than there used to be, then count upon it, we'll have more of it in motion pictures.

"Again, you hear people saying that the motion pictures are running short of good material. Why, the sources of good material are as deep and as broad and as high as the Grand Canyon. They haven't even been tapped. Literature—all the literatures in the world—haven't even been scratched. Think of the meagre supply of eight notes in music, and then of what wonderful symphonies are forever being written. Twenty-six letters in the alphabet—and look at all the stories and books and plays being annually drawn from them!

"On account of the enormous amount of money involved in making a picture, however—that is on a par with building a battleship or a skyscraper from the point of expense—and it is only natural of a motion picture producer to play safe. Small blame to them!

"I don't know. I can't fathom the public. All I try to do is to gratify them—and at the same time to satisfy myself, I guess. A funny world!" And Lionel Barrymore, the brainiest perhaps of all the movie artists, confessing that he didn't know a thing, turned again to sort over his fan mail, drinking in the contents of the letters from "his public" reflectively.

May Robson's Romance

Continued from page 32



Jean Parker and May Robson, companion artists at the same studio, stop for a chat as they arrive to start a new day's work before the sound cameras.

boy, for you see I have travelled for many, many years and am an extremely busy woman. Never too busy, though, for that daily letter that each of us came to expect many years ago.

"Since I couldn't take my son with me on these tours, I placed him in a private school on Long Island, a boarding kindergarten, when he was quite young. A cultured lady with three daughters ran this school, and there he had about the same loving care and attention he would have had at home. It was at this period that I started writing him letters, and I still have the first letter he ever wrote.

"I was in Baltimore when I received it, and it took me some time to decipher it. In a chubby little hand, it said, 'i like it heer. we taik turns going for the male but we dont hafter.' Misspelled as some of the words were, I had no trouble until I came to the last word. 'Hafter!' That presented a real problem, and I mulled over that puzzler for several hours, even going so far as to go into conference with the manager of the company and several of the cast. Finally, I had it! By 'hafter,' he meant 'have to!' He was so young that he applied phonetic spelling, unconsciously, to the expression.

"During the summer months, my boy and I always vacationed some place where we could rough it. Many a summer we spent along the rocky coast of Maine, wearing old clothes and not infrequently camping out. Can you picture me sleeping in a tent? Yet, I loved it, for that sort of life appealed to my boy, and he was never so happy as when we were together in the wilds, so to speak.

"One day when he was about twelve, he came to me and dropped a basket in my lap. Inside were all manner of ribbons and medals and a number of small silver cups, each testifying to his prowess in some field of athletic endeavor, which he had won in school meets. While I sat examining them, he stood turning the pages of a book on a small table.

"After looking at them all, I said, 'This is all very nice, Edward, but what about your grades? Your arithmetic shows a failure, you have several other poor marks, yet you say you are going into business. Are you going to school just for athletics?' He had been attending Fordham for some time.

"Don't you worry, mummy,' he replied, 'long before you're dead all those arithmetic problems will be solved by machinery.' He was nearly right, too, for a number of years later adding machines and other time-saving equipment were put on the market." In reciting this incident, Miss Robson looked proudly at a picture of her son, now a grown man, of course, on a table across the room.

"While in his early teens, Edward suddenly decided he wanted to be an actor. I tried to talk him out of it, but the idea was firmly entrenched in his mind. I mentioned this one day to Charles Frohman, in whose company I was appearing at the time, and he said, 'Let me handle this for you, May.' When we went out on the road with the play, Edward accompanied me—Mr. Frohman had asked him if he wouldn't like to go—but instead of travelling with the company and doing nothing, he moved props and became a property man. Mr. Frohman had told him that it would be necessary for him to help pay his expenses in this way.

"The outcome of the whole affair, as Mr. Frohman had anticipated, was that Edward changed his mind about the theatre—it's mighty hard work handling sets and furniture and drops—and returned to his original plan of embarking on a business career. I never heard him mention going on the stage again, after that summer.

"Since we could not often be together like other mothers and sons, we played rather strenuously when we were fortunate enough to see one another. Whenever I returned from the road, we would take trips, go to the theatre—yes, I know it was a busman's holiday but I enjoyed every minute of it—drive out on Long Island or down the Jersey coast and hike until we were too exhausted to take another step.

"This, of course, was before my son entered business. After that, and his subsequent marriage to one of the sweetest women I have ever met, our time together was more restricted, but we made the most of it. Even now, my happiest moments are when I can visit my son and daughter-in-law and their boy at the family home on Long Island, or when they come to California to see me."

There is something so terribly tragic in the thought of a mother and son snatching at happiness whenever they may: the mother, a great actress beloved by all who saw her, spending most of her life on tour, the son forced to mingle with comparative strangers during his more tender years and through adolescence. Each loving the other deeply, yet unable to live their lives together. Only persons of the theatre can fully appreciate this form of existence—many are situated so that they must leave behind children they love devotedly—the show must go on.

Hollywood has its romances galore, divinely happy couples today, embroiled tomorrow in divorce. Other couples sweethearts through the years. One, however, transcends them all—May Robson's mother love for her son and his filial love for her. It's the one great romance of Hollywood!

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"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that* girl. I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!"

There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—*that's all!*

You can use Mum *after* you're dressed just as well as *before*. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO.  Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.

Traveler's Return

Continued from page 17

were four of us, you know. We had the baby and nurse with us all the time. And it costs lots more to travel in Europe than you expect beforehand."

It was indeed a relief to have a motion picture star bring the money question out in the open! Everyone knows that since the current rate of exchange has skyrocketed prices in Europe, even our screen heroes and heroines have found their little "trips to Paris" more costly than they had anticipated—or desired.

But as a general rule, they adhere to the Hollywood tradition that no self-respecting film player should admit anything to be too expensive, and therefore advance strange and irrelevant reasons for their swift returns. As, for instance, the bright young leading man who encountered insufficiently heated hotel-rooms and hastened home. Or another who complained because all of his old school-mates in England had married and settled down!

That's why it was so refreshing to hear one of them speak as would any young American business man, with an entirely natural wish to avoid extravagance and invest his earnings wisely and well.

"Then, too," Dick Arlen went on, "I have a very definite feeling about spending too much money in foreign lands. This is where my salary is earned—this is where most of it should be spent. It is this coun-

try that supports us—we should support it.

"For do you realize that only about one picture in thirty ever plays in the small towns of Europe? Motion picture stars are not even known or recognized abroad except in London and Paris, where the crowds do stop you for autographs. But all through the rest of the countryside, they have no idea who you are."

"Yes, and that's probably why Dick was willing to push the baby around in a perambulator," Joby interposed with a sly grin at her husband. "I know I'd never be able to get him to do it on Fifth Avenue or Hollywood Boulevard."

Dick was spared the peril of a reply by the entrance of the nurse with young Richard Ralston Arlen himself, who is already almost as handsome as his father. And though only nine months old, is so big that the petite Joby can scarcely hold him.

"He was the best traveller of us all," she announced with pardonable maternal pride. "He stayed in a good humor all the time and never even hinted at getting seasick. Of course, he *did* cause us a bad moment or two when we arrived in Paris."

"We crossed on the Majestic with Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier and when we landed went with them to a house-party in Wales. After which we spent a few days in London and then flew across the channel to France."



Sailors three! And celebrities all. Above, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, and, peering over Bing's sea-worthy head-gear, Richard Arlen, in the hatchway of the "Jobyna R," in which they hope to cruise together to Bali, some day in the future.

"When we unpacked in Paris, we found the baby's pockets stuffed with silverware from the plane! He had managed to pick up everything within reach and it took Dick and myself two days to compose the proper note to accompany the loot when we returned it," Joby confessed.

"But what about that one spoon you kept as a souvenir?" Dick was plainly getting even with her for her revelations about his perambulator-pushing. She had the grace to blush. "Well, it *was* rather cute of the baby—and we sent them a dollar 'just in case there was a piece lost.'"

This banter did not sound like that which usually passes between the movie great and their wives. It was, instead, the sort of companionable, understanding persiflage that may be heard in the homes of Keokuk, Walla Walla, and all points north, south, east and west.

Theirs is, apparently, one Hollywood union that is destined to last. At the time of their marriage seven years ago, Joby retired from the screen, forsaking her own promising career in order to make a success of her life with Dick. That she has done so may be attributed to the fact that she stayed "retired."

Soon after their wedding, the young Arlens began building a home. For location, they chose Toluca Lake, a quiet valley section remote from Hollywood, gossip, and high prices. Their home was small and comfortable and they helped with its final construction themselves.

Since that time they have lived simply and unostentatiously—well within their means. At no time have they indulged in the old Hollywood custom of "keeping up with the Joneses"—or Thalbergs, or Mayers.

For nearly ten years Dick has been under contract to Paramount. Starting with a nice but not sensational salary, he has enjoyed the usual seasonal rises, has paid his bills, has taken care of numerous obligations to his family and others—and, most important of all, has managed to save.

"Though I have to give the government almost half my salary for income tax, we've managed to put away enough to provide for us always were I never to earn another cent," he explained. "Joby deserves the credit for that, though, for she's the official manager of the finances."

Though she looks small and helpless and adorably feminine, Joby is a keen and astute business woman and it is she who budgets Dick's salary checks and decides when they can afford to indulge in some extravagant expenditure.

However, even their so-called extravagances are usually of a practical nature, such as the remodeling of their home about a year ago. With the arrival of a baby imminent, it was necessary that a nursery be provided.

Taking advantage of the low costs then prevailing in California, they decided to add a swimming-pool at the same time. Dick had long desired one but had never before felt justified in spending \$5,000, (the average cost), for a personal gratification.

But for one-third of what it would cost today, they had their swimming-pool and nursery built and their entire home remodeled from a Spanish bungalow to an early American farmhouse.

"But the nursery was the only increase in size—we have no need for a large house and as it is now, two servants are all we have. A combination cook-and-maid, and a combination gardener-and-butler. We drive our cars ourselves," Dick divulged.

"Our home is in reality our castle. It's small and compact and we can shut ourselves in and let the rest of the world go by. We enjoy our friends and like to have them around us—but we don't need the world. We have the baby and each other."

Women Are Quitting

*Old Time Make-Up Shades...
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WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

The "Regular" Lipstick



The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks

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USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS





Hitting on all twelve!

WIN THE RACE! Outswim a boat! Break a record! Why not? Even miracles seem easy when digestion is good, when peevish irritations aren't slowing you up.

Keep your digestion sweet, your temper even, your spirits high. Chew Beeman's — the tempting, stimulating chewing gum — to aid digestion.

You'll like it after meals for its mild, pleasant aid. You'll like it before and between meals for its delicious goodness — so cool and refreshing — kept fresh by the unique new air-proof Triple Guard Pack. Try Beeman's today!

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



The friends that they mention are the friends of their first days in Hollywood. The struggling days when film fame was a remote possibility—a glittering challenge to their youth and ambition.

The fact that they have achieved the

goals they desired has not influenced their relationships with former friends who have not climbed so fast nor so far. The Arlens are probably the only motion picture stars in Hollywood who are on terms of informal and really intimate friendship with



For reflection of the surrounding beauty—very nice for a cooling dip, too—is the swimming pool on the beautiful estate of Victor McLaglen, screen star. In the foreground of the picture above you see Mr. and Mrs. McLaglen, while poised on the springboard in the background is their daughter Sheila.

persons who are not of equal rank in the profession, either other stars or directors or producers.

It was about a year after their budget had recovered from the remodeling of the house and arrival of the baby that Joby informed Dick that they could afford a trip to Europe. They sailed in March and spent two months in England, Wales, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, returning to this country in May.

"We especially liked England and Wales—and the Riviera was lots of fun. But then, we visited so many lovely, picturesque places that it's impossible to decide on a favorite. I guess they're all nice for a short stay—but Hollywood's the only place to live," Joby observed, which gave Dick an idea.

"Let me tell you one thing," he spoke up. "The next time someone brags about having a 'villa' over there, you can be pretty sure it's nothing but a funny old house with seventeen draughty, unheated rooms and one bathroom, the whole thing needing a coat of paint and a new roof!"

"The most pictorially beautiful places were Venice and Lake Como—I could heartily recommend them for a honeymoon," he concluded, and turned to Joby with a look that was more eloquent than words. In fact, in that look he revealed the whole secret of their seven years of happiness.

Joby returned his look with one of the sort that manages to shut out all others in the room. At that moment you could see, undisguised, the deep understanding and real oneness of spirit that exists between them—an impenetrable barrier against the world, even the world of Hollywood. That's why Dick can say with such calm conviction, "We can shut ourselves in our home and let the rest of the world go by."

For neither the years nor wealth nor fame nor Hollywood nor Europe can disturb the kind of fundamental feeling that is between Dick and Joby Arlen. He's right. They can shut out the whole world, live their own lives in their own way—for with each other and the baby, they have the whole world!

Just Between You and the Sun

Continued from page 59

"A birthday present from my family," she replied. "But, of course, it has faded a little!"

That is just the way your tan should look this year. Faded a little. Not uninteresting and not too pale, but definitely under control. There is a cream, too, which even lets you sit in the sun without tanning, if you use it faithfully.

Don't feel you must wear too much make-up in town in the summertime. So many people exclaim: "I just saw such-and-such a star, shopping today. Really she didn't look 'made-up' at all!"

That isn't surprising. All clever women mix their make-up with common sense! Truly, no cosmetic manufacturer has ever found a substitute!

Did you ever want to take not only a

vacation, but to take a vacation from yourself? To just walk out on the girl you usually are and leave her, flat?

Make up your mind really to do it this year. It will serve her right! Slip into Summer and a brand new self. You'll have a marvelous time. Soak yourself in those enchanting and fragrant oils that give you such glorious color. Use a tangy, tawny cream for your face with an arm and leg make-up to match so that it defies detection. (It's waterproof.) This puts you into the outdoor scene as a part of the picture at once. No matter whether the background is brown beach and the deep blue-green of sea or is made up of leafy greens of woods and hills, the yellow of summer flowers and the unforgettable blue of little lost lakes. You belong!

Bask in the shade of a great cartwheel hat! Do your toe-nails a bright orangy red which matches your fingers. Or try that new mahogany color. Then wiggle your toes in supreme content through the open work of your beach clogs. Wear a neutral-colored bathing suit with splashes of color across it. Change off occasionally to a jaunty one of sail-red, copied after the red of fishermen's sails in far off Brittany. Just between ourselves, they fish under sails like those in Venice, too, so think of yours as coming from Italy if it makes you feel more romantic. Learn how to do handsprings down the beach!

Brush your hair high off your face for a change. And brush it and brush it and brush it! Use waterproof make-up and float on your back, filling your eyes with enough deep blue sky and fluffy, frivolous clouds to last you all the grim days of winter. Remember that off across there is Spain—or Cathay—and that you, in your gypsy self, are a part of all the gay romance that has roamed the world since Quijote was a boy.

Then, sometime, forgetting your make-up, go swimming by moonlight with nothing on but a lake! It's glorious.

And do all this, mind you, whether you have weeks and months to spend in your outing (luxurious you!) or only a few hours each week-end snatched from Time-Clock, the greedy taskmaster!

Soon you'll be asking yourself, who is this strange and fascinating person at whom you catch people throwing glances of admiration and envy, particularly those handsome and dashing young men who seem to abound, come Summertime! There is a twinkle in her eyes, a carefree toss to her head, a spring in her walk. She's all gaiety and friendliness and charm. She's —(oh, but she is!)—she's YOU!

So—Nothing Ever Happens to Irene Dunne!

Continued from page 51

of the passengers arose from his chair. His black frock and his inverted collar bespoke his calling—he was a minister of God. His face was marked with anxiety, but in his eyes shone determination.

"My friends, will you listen to me for a minute?" The minister's voice penetrated the ceaseless clatter of the tri-motors. Every eye turned to the speaker's face. Every ear bent to attention.

"We must not be afraid or nervous," the minister continued. "We must make ready to meet Our Father. Will you bow your heads and join me in prayer?"

Every head bowed, and the clergyman prayed. The subdued tones of his voice droned almost in tune with the motors, as if his words were a part of their monotonous dirge.

His prayer was not finished when the ship's senior pilot uttered a hoarse exclamation. Miraculously, a rift had appeared in the fog. Advancing his stick, the pilot dived for that opening, and almost before anyone knew what had occurred, the plane slipped through and floated beneath the fog's ceiling. Ten minutes later, the pilot settled safely on the field, turned the nose of his plane around, and trundled to position opposite the landing-guard.

From the giant bird's belly poured forth its little group of nerve-racked human morsels. Of them all, the passenger agent

Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice	1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
¼ cup salad oil or melted butter	½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	Few grains Cayenne
	1 teasp. dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

● Imagine! Deliciously smooth, home-made mayonnaise in 5 minutes! No tedious stirring. No failures! And it costs less! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



FREE! WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. SU84, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Print name and address plainly)



of that air-line will testify, *Irene Dunne was the only one who wore a smile.*

And still they say in Hollywood: *Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne.* Writers, sent to interview her, return wringing their hands, screaming of her platitudes, bemoaning what they describe as "her humdrum life." Nothing, they groan, ever happens to Irene Dunne. How can they write about her!

I have known Irene for years. Granting that she is a person addicted to quiet living, that she is devoted to her own husband, that she neither gives nor attends lavish Hollywood parties, and that for these and other reasons her name never appears in the scandal columns, there still are many other exciting stories that may be written about Miss Dunne.

She makes several air trips across the continent every year. No star, unless I exclude Will Rogers, makes more extensive use of air travel than she. The har-

rowing adventure with which I commenced this story took place more than two years ago, when Irene was returning from one of her flying trips to New York. I am personally acquainted with two of the men who were on that same plane, and neither has dared fly again. One of them has hair that is prematurely gray. He swears that it changed color during those three dreadful hours in the lost plane.

Irene flew again less than three months after that almost-fateful night. Not only did she return East once, but she has made steady use of transcontinental planes ever since. She travels no other way, except when weather conditions put a complete stop to plane schedules.

Other exciting adventures have befallen Miss Dunne. Last year, while she was visiting in New York, she was invited to a "Gay Nineties" ball. She and several friends clad themselves in the sweeping skirts and brightly-colored shawls of the

PEG'S "New Eyes" work a Magic Spell!



Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called **DELICA-BROW**. In a few seconds **DELICA-BROW** makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, **DELICA-BROW**. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCAST NEW WRITERS INVITED

Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

late nineties, and their entire party headed for the ball in a huge coach drawn by four spirited steeds. They were like a picture plucked from yesteryear.

Arrived at the home of the host, one by one they alighted from the carriage. Irene was last. As she stood up in the tonneau, the horses became frightened at sight of the unusual costumes of some newly arriving guests. Rearing, they jerked forward on their reins. Miss Dunne was hurled to the floor of the coach, where she poised perilously near to tumbling out.

Then straight across the curb and sidewalk the four frightened horses plunged, and they were headed for the rushing traffic of cabs and automobiles. With quick presence of mind, a liveried footman raced

She had not been in her new home more than a week before she was awakened, late one night, by strange noises. She rang for the servants, and touched a button that flooded the house with light. Somewhere in the back of the house, the maid screamed. Later, she told Miss Dunne she had seen a man racing across the yard.

Most stories have sequels, and so has this one about Irene's burglars. As was only natural, her nerves were more or less frayed as a result of these experiences. A few nights after the visit I have just described, she was again awakened by what she believed were similar noises. This time she hastened to the window herself, pistol in hand. Outside, faintly outlined by the dim light of a half-moon, she saw a moving



Irene Dunne during a serene moment. Read the story about the charming star of many notable pictures and you will realize how Irene must appreciate calm after her many thrilling experiences.

across the sidewalk and met the leading horse. Seizing the reins near the bit, he managed to hold the animal by sheer force, while friends hastened to rescue Irene.

Had those horses eluded the footman, or had they plunged on despite that servant's brave effort to stop them, the carriage would have been hurled into a line of traffic that seethed with speeding motors. Almost surely, the lone passenger would have suffered serious injury; perhaps the runaway might have proven fatal. And yet they say: *Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne.*

Last autumn burglars ransacked Miss Dunne's home in Beverly Hills. They came on the servants' night out, and while Irene was dining with friends elsewhere. Fortunately, they failed to find valuable furs and jewelry that were in the house at the time.

The following day, Los Angeles newspapers published accounts of the robbery. Every paper published not only her address, but also the fact that the burglars had overlooked the furs and jewels.

"I was almost afraid to go home after those stories appeared," Miss Dunne told me. I saw several suspicious characters loitering in the vicinity, and on two occasions my neighbors notified me that they had seen strange men on the place during my absence. I returned from the studio one evening and found that somebody had been tampering with the door and window locks."

That proved too much for Irene. She moved into another house. Furthermore, she sought and received permission to carry firearms.

figure. "Get out of my yard!" she called. When the figure refused to obey, she raised her pistol and fired several shots, then breathlessly withdrew from the window, palpitatingly awaiting the outcome of her daring.

No answering fire was returned, nor did the dark figure flee. Irene only succeeded in arousing the neighborhood. Lights flashed on everywhere. Inquisitive heads poked from windows far and near. Amidst the excitement, police arrived.

The officers investigated—and in Miss Dunne's yard they discovered an ordinary garden spade, thrust in the ground so that it stood erect. Over the upright handle hung the gardener's coat and hat, which he had neglected to take home. The coat swayed gently in the night wind. That was her burglar.

Lots of excitement and fun, eh? Especially for a woman of whom they say: *Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne.*

During another visit to New York, Miss Dunne was invited to participate in a national radio broadcast. She accepted. The evening of the broadcast, she was extremely nervous, a malady not uncommon to stars making their air debuts.

That night she both talked and sang, but she was so nervous that she was positive that her performance had been very bad.

A few days later, officials of the broadcasting station telephoned her to say that she had received more than six thousand letters at the station as a result of her appearance. It was a record for women

screen performers, they informed Miss Dunne.

And yet they say: *Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne.*

Of course, nothing *scandalous* does happen. But it strikes this writer that if we were only clever enough to understand, Irene's *lack of scandal* is the best news in the world. That old adage about the man biting the dog may be used comparatively.

I mean, here in Hollywood the gossip columns are full of stories and anecdotes about separations, divorces, family quarrels and such malicious tid-bits of so-called news. Well, that's so common that it's like a dog biting a man.

It's the other thing—the happy marriage—that is so rare that it is comparable to the man biting the dog.

Won't you agree with me that the thing that is happening to Irene Dunne—to whom *nothing ever happens*—is really the biggest news of all? I mean—Irene's normal, happy life amidst a few thousand unhappy lives?

Short Reviews

Thirty Day Princess Paramount

Sylvia Sidney in a dual rôle that permits her to "run the gamut," emerges triumphant with a highly creditable and entertaining performance. She is aided considerably by Cary Grant as the newspaper publisher who sets out to expose the bond-selling for a mythical kingdom with the aid of its princess royal. The princess, however, is overtaken by illness, and an actress impersonates her, which the hero learns *after* he has fallen in love. Very light but thoroughly entertaining.

Call It Luck Fox

An amusing comedy, with Pat Patterson continuing to look and act pleasingly, and Herbert Mundin at his funniest. The story somewhat original, tells about a London cab driver who wins a fortune in a race-track lottery. He comes to America, loses his fortune, and returns to cab driving. He gets the notion to enter his old nag in a race, which it wins in one of the most comical scenes viewed in some time.

The Loud Speaker Monogram

Ray Walker appears as a wise-cracking yokel who finally does make good as a radio entertainer, but goes haywire over success and love for the girl, Jacqueline Wells, who can't believe he really loves anybody but himself. The faint glimmer of a rather genial little romance suggests itself early in the play, but alas, it gets swamped in a clutter of tiresome detail.

I Can't Escape Universal

A novel little picture that entertains without effort. The plot centers about a paroled convict who falls in love with a girl who is a professional party-filler-inner. Old enemies try to frame him, but he outwits them and wins a reward for aiding in their capture—he also wins the girl. Onslow Stevens is excellent as the hero, and Lila Lee and Russell Gleason give fine performances.

Monte Carlo Nights Monogram

Mary Brian and John Darrow have a time of it, what with circumstantial evidence separating them on the eve of their wedding. The hero escapes to Monte Carlo, where he fortuitously locates the criminal responsible for the murder of which Darrow is falsely accused. Unfortunately there is a minimum of the stirring action and suspense one looks for in this style of melodrama.



Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

But, she DID try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she DID send in the LINIT package top (and 10¢) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value.

I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her *since* then.

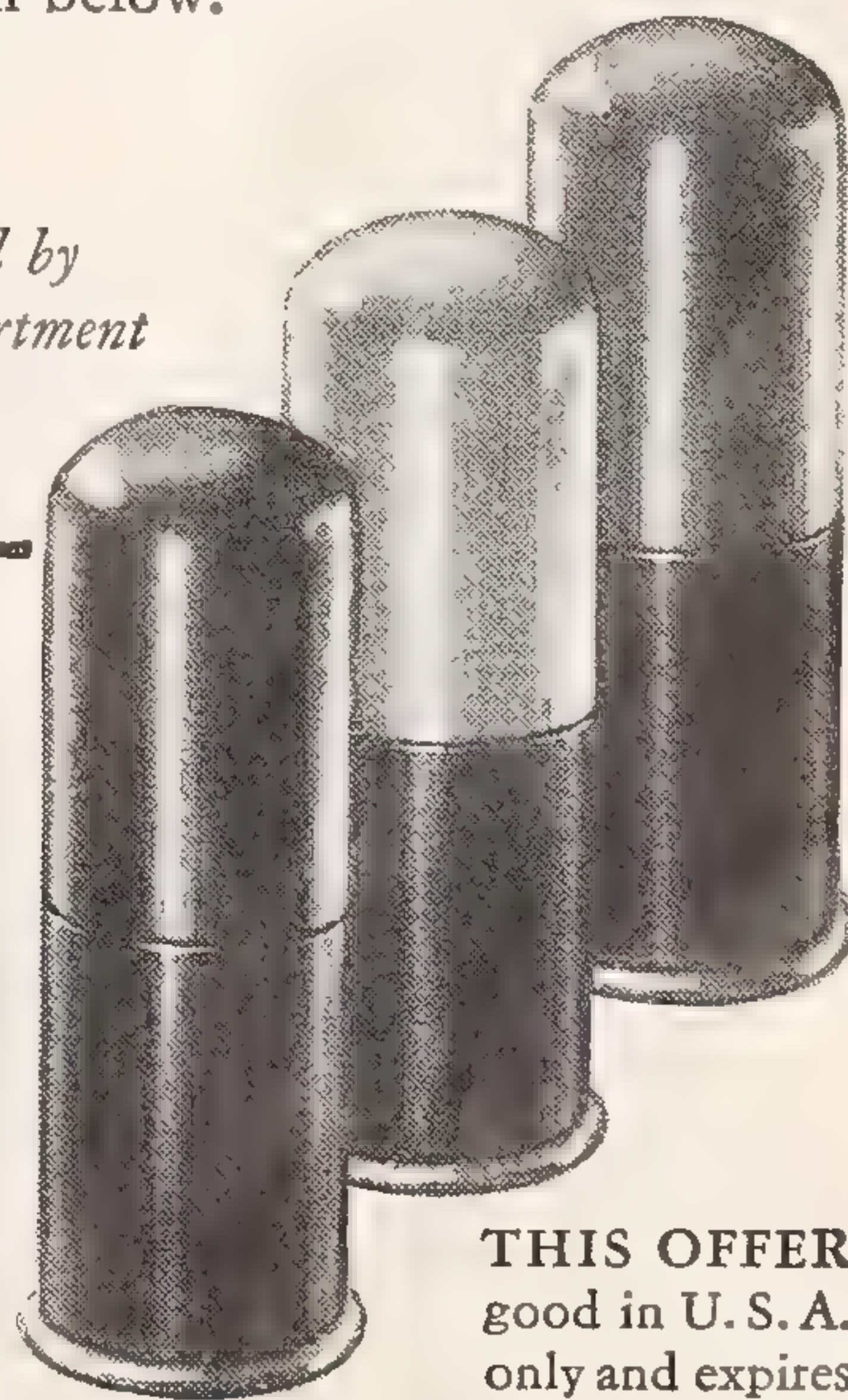
Signed *Geo H. Guinter*



Try LINIT—the Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin—and send in the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for EACH lipstick desired. See convenient coupon below.



LINIT is sold by
grocers and department
stores.



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P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name

Address.....

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THIS OFFER
good in U. S. A.
only and expires
Sept. 1, 1934

Any Girl Can Learn to Act

Continued from page 34



Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and relief will be yours in *one minute!* Nagging shoe pressure or rubbing on the irritated nerves or inflamed tissues will stop at once. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads also safely and quickly

Remove Corns and Callouses

Simply use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks* included in every box for this purpose. The hard, dead skin soon loosens—lifts right out easily. Get this sure relief today at your drug, dept. or shoe store.



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Put one on—the pain is gone!

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LEARN AT HOME

to play by *note*, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only a few cents a day. Over 700,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1198 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.



FAT LOSE 5 to 15 POUNDS OR MONEY BACK!

No starvation diet, no strenuous exercise. Amazing little mints called **REDUCE-O-MINT** melt away pounds of unbecoming fat from double chins, arms, legs and hips. Chew them anywhere like candy. Harmless to take. No ill after effects. **REDUCE 5 to 15 lbs.** this month. Mail \$1. today for 30 day treatment. **RUTH C. KAYE, Weight Control Expert** 489 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

\$\$\$ MOVIE STORIES \$\$\$
\$100,000.00 FOR A STORY

A writer was paid this fortune for a single story—CAVALCADE. Motion Picture producers pay highest prices for suitable film material and there is a growing tendency toward originals. Your story or plot accepted in any form for **FREE READING** and **REPORT**, and submission to Hollywood Studios. Government copyright service provided when needed. 10% commission on sales. Write for free booklet or **SEND MANUSCRIPT TODAY!** **HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO SERVICE**, Dept. 208, 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

to his little bride that they were to have dinner at so-and-so's that night.

"That's fine, darling. My preview's tonight and I don't want to go."

"Oh, no? Is it really tonight?"

"Yes, and I'm not going."

"But you *must* go to your preview, darling! We'll both go. I'll call off the dinner right away."

She shook her head. The studio photographer arrived to call Mr. Boyer outside. His pictures were urgently required for publicity purposes. The charming little argument was left in mid-air. I wondered how it would come out.

In an adjoining room we made ourselves comfortable. Somehow it was difficult to imagine this girl in any other mood than radiant good humor. Yet something seemed strangely odd. She indulged in no British colloquialisms. Despite her brief residence she talked as if she might have lived here in Hollywood all her life. I mentioned the point. She laughed.

"Oh, it's not mysterious at all. It just takes study."

You have to glimpse her past to appreciate just what that "study" means. At fifteen she ran away from home to go on the stage. Her family implored her to return to Yorkshire, but she was determined to see it through. She never had any help. But trials and disappointments rested lightly on her shoulders. She never doubted her ultimate success. And her buoyant spirit lent even the darkest hours a gleam of light.

"Why, any girl can learn to act!" she explained.

"Any girl?"

"Well, any girl who has some natural ability. But really, that's not the principal thing. There are thousands of great actresses who never arrive. They lack determination."

"If a girl really wants to be an actress, then, you'd advise her to keep on trying?"

"By all means. Stick it out. Keep on plugging. Never give up."

Her voice had a soft modulation, but you couldn't doubt its ring of sincerity. She meant what she said.

"But a person can't learn to act unless he has opportunity."

"Bosh! Everyone has the opportunity. If a girl lived on a farm, she could learn by herself."

"How so? What could she do?"

"Just what I did. It's simple."

And she went on to explain the solitary course of study which made her a star. She illustrated each feature of the program. Any girl who wants to leap into the limelight need not read on. But for anyone willing to apply herself faithfully, this should be a guide-post to fame.

Even now, Pat reads aloud for twenty minutes every day. Before, it was longer. This is for vocal exercise only. An actress has to speak. Could a man be a prize-fighter if he never used his arms?

As a girl in Yorkshire Pat used to mimic everyone. The butcher's wife, the mistress of the school, the young bride. She would be all of them by turns. And she was no respecter of sex. She'd mimic her father, the vicar, and the mail carrier who came every day. Every young person does this to some extent, but Pat carried it much further. She'd study them, their expressions, the inflection of their voices, each mannerism. And it was not only a surface mimicry. When she was alone, she'd tell herself, "Now I'm Mrs. Appleby" or, "Now I'm the vicar." She would try to think and

feel as they would; see the world through their eyes; pretend that the same relationships surrounded her. This was serious business. She would not only scold the dog as Mrs. Appleby did, but would actually feel that the dog was annoying her! She'd try to live their lives. It was their states of mind she wanted to realize in herself.

Her next step followed naturally. She'd act before a mirror. When the vicar felt so-and-so, she knew that his expression was so-and-so. In any situation she understood just how he would react. When she was satisfied that her voice and manner conformed exactly, she could forget about how he felt. Then she would be an actress. She could show emotion without feeling that emotion. She could look pained without feeling pained. "You have to understand an emotion first," Pat said, "and then its expression becomes automatic."

To test herself, she had to go one step further. She'd try her impersonations on other people. Hiding behind a hedge, she'd make her playmates believe her voice was that of some other person. On several occasions she even convinced the villagers that she was deathly sick, when she never felt better in her life.

After you have drawn examples from real life then you can go to plays and books. First read them over for pleasure. Then go back and study each character. Put yourself in his or her part and actually live the rôle. Laugh and cry yourself. Go to bed and wake up as if you were another person. Do the same with each different character. Once again "feel" first, and then the acting becomes automatic. The more books and plays that are read the more you learn of human nature; the more you develop your potential talents. And still continue to act before a mirror.

"I always carry a small mirror in my bag just for that purpose," Pat explained. "When I'm out, I often witness some dramatic situation or see the subtle expression of a strong emotion. Then I can hardly wait until I am alone to try it myself."

As Pat pointed out, these opportunities are everywhere. Hardly any home is without a book; there are always neighbors to provide a living example. If a girl of your acquaintance has just been married, if a woman has given birth to a child, if you see a man slip on the pavement, these afford opportunities for comedy and pathos that shouldn't be missed.

"So you see, when a director wants me to be gay or sad, I can say to myself: 'Why, I've lived this before—perhaps yesterday. I know precisely just what to do.'"

There is one thing Pat counsels against. Don't let your family or friends know what you are doing. They might hurt your feelings. They might try to discourage you. But the principle drawback is psychological. Within yourself. By letting everyone know what you want to do, you weaken your own determination. Keep your ambition secret. It will make it stronger.

Pat doesn't believe it is necessary for an actress to have a variety of experiences herself. You can do so vicariously just as well. It is utterly impossible to bring the whole of life within your individual experience. But you can try to understand it. "As a matter of fact, the people with the broadest experiences are seldom artists. There is really no relationship between the two. Who doesn't know a sailor who has been around the world several times, has seen everything, and yet is unable to relate any event in an interesting way?"

So this is your program, girls:

1. Read aloud every day.
2. Mimic every person of your acquaintance. It doesn't matter if they seem interesting or not.
3. Study plays and books, and portray each different character. "Live" their lives.
4. Act before a mirror.
5. Try out your impersonations on other people.

6. Keep your ambition to yourself.

The timid will shy away, but those who are not afraid of hard work will tackle it with patience and determination. It can be done. Pat proves it. And as she talks now, a smile is constantly tugging at her lips. It suddenly broadens to show a dimple when her husband returns to the room.

"I'm not going to the preview tonight," Pat bursts out.

"But darling, we've got to go."

And the good-natured argument started all over again.

P. S. She went!

Radio Parade

Continued from page 58



Missouri songbird! Martha Mears at the microphone singing in that distinctive style which is bringing her to the fore as a radio notable.

"I am, of course, delighted—thrilled—at the thought of working in a picture," she continued. "It is another medium—a very wonderful medium of expression. I had refused previous opportunities not because of any lack of enthusiasm for pictures, nor because of any special considerations or demands that the producers were unwilling to meet.

"Ever since I started radio work—against the advice of my teachers, who wanted me to concentrate on concert singing—I have been tremendously attached to it. I find radio interesting because it demands the purest expression of the singer's art. The singer must achieve by the vocal art alone, unaided by other physical expression, all of the individualism and personality which forms a sympathetic bond between the artist and the audience."

The diva whose vocal portraits have had, perhaps, the largest audience of any soprano in the history of music, spoke animatedly, but gave the impression of measuring her words carefully. I could detect no trace of pose, of affectation. Her brown eyes glowed with the intensity of feeling that appears to electrify her youthfully trim, slight body, and expressive, sensitive hands, when she talks of music, of art, and of her radio work. Lead the conversation into

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful!

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the

results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY
ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY



Now BLONDES Made Irresistible



Amazing New Discovery For Light Hair Perfected!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... with the golden shimmer of your hair!

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to restore its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

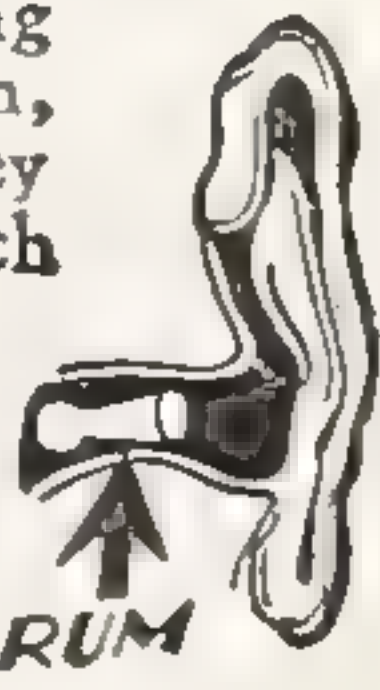
You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!



DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N.Y.



Acme

Happy couple! Above, Elizabeth Young, one of the outstanding younger screen actresses, and Joseph Mankiewicz, scenario writer, after their wedding in Hollywood. At the bride's left is Gail Patrick, bridesmaid, and on the extreme right, Phillips Holmes, best man.

other channels and by contrast she seems singularly detached, a voluntary exile from the hurly-burly of life—her responsiveness more the expression of an instinctive courtesy and graciousness than of spontaneous intellectual or emotional inclination.

"About the fans!" The glow returns. She displays an almost maternal affection as she proudly exhibits mementoes and trinkets associated with old acquaintances of the air waves. There is even a large "pet" gallery for the Dragonette programs. Dogs, tabby cats, parrots, the pets of listeners. "Here's Rags, and this is Laura," she explains as she shows you snapshots of them.

Miss Dragonette will not go to Hollywood. The sequence in the Paramount production in which she is to appear, will be filmed in the East. She is taking a vacation from the air for two months this summer, over the protest of her sponsor, for needed rest.

Can the cameras capture the wistful, fine-spun and sensitive charm of this extraordinarily interesting personality?

For a fleeting moment I was sorry I brought it up! There stood George Jessel, star comedian, after-dinner speaker *de luxe*, romantic figure of recent headlines hailing the Atlantic City nuptials in which he co-starred with Norma Talmadge. There he stood giving me the peppiest sales talk I'd heard since that insurance agent gave me up as too dumb, or too broke, to be even a good practice prospect.

Then it dawned on me that the intelligence of American audiences was not Georgie's to sell, even if he *did* make me want to buy. And I found it pleasantly flattering to be included, even if I was only one of millions thus collectively complimented.

We dialers, movie-goers and theatre patrons, are a smart lot! Take George Jessel's word for it. He's been working for us for years, and he should know.

I had him cornered in the apartment of a hotel in Manhattan's east fifties, where he and Norma were making their temporary residence while the interior decorators got things ready in the apartment they by this time occupy in one of those very handsome manors a few blocks south on Park Avenue. It was nearing mid-day and Norma was up and abroad, supervising activities at the new home.

I've said I had Jessel cornered. After

that first crack of mine—about him having an assignment on his hands since the CBS biggies had picked George to lure the dialers around to their networks Sunday nights between eight and nine, one of the most competitive hours of the week—Jessel did the talking.

"The only hard thing about radio is when you get orders to 'talk down' to the audience. I don't have that to contend with in my arrangement with Columbia."

I asked if he and Norma were thinking of returning to the stage in an act similar to the one they played so successfully a few seasons back.

"There seems to be a demand," he replied, a quizzical smile spreading over the mobile Jessel countenance. "We may play some dates. It has not been decided."

Norma is taking a vacation in Europe this summer. He said he may go abroad himself. "I've never played on the stage over there and would like to," he added.

His radio contract will permit him to take a leave of absence, if he decides to return to the stage. Well, maybe he'll be cruising the briny this summer, but I have my doubts. He has popped into the spotlight with one of those characteristically amazing comebacks just when it seemed, again, that newer comedy personalities were about to eclipse the Jessel fame. Few actors can resist the thrill that comes to those who are riding the waves of popularity. If he does sail away from the shores where the spotlight now plays about his jaunty shoulders, it will be because he won't have the heart to ask Norma to curtail that vacation so they can be together again "over here."

Of the 500 pairs of assorted tootsies that fluttered over the pavements of approach to "tryouts" conducted in St. Louis last fall by Gus Edwards, impresario of the variety halls, 499 doubled back to those obscure havens whence they sallied forth seeking paths to fame.

I've just been talking to the 500th girl—Martha Mears, Missouri song-bird whose contralto voice you probably have heard on the Phil Baker programs, or on the "sustainings" she does weekly over NBC networks.

That voice of hers brought Martha to a fork in the road which now has her stepping firmly, with that gracefully confident stride of hers, in a direction that had no part in the plans which took her from her

native heath in Moberly, Mo., to major in English and prepare for the teaching profession at the University of Missouri in Columbia (that last refers to a city, not a broadcasting company Martha *isn't* working for now).

"Some friends at the University," she revealed, "suggested that I seek an audition at the local broadcasting station in Columbia. I had been studying singing and music for several years, but regarded this as merely an accomplishment, something for my own pleasure. However, the work I got at the radio station paid my way through college. I liked it!"

After graduation Martha went to St. Louis, became a member of the staff of artists at Station WIL. Then came the chance to join the Gus Edwards act, with which she toured until it reached New York, where the show disbanded. An audition at the NBC air castles led to the contract she now has with that organization.

You will be interested in Martha Mears, because she is definitely set to appear in a radio revue to be filmed soon, and also because she has made a screen test for a Hollywood studio, which may (who can tell?) lead to more and frequent motion picture appearances.

Martha is blond, with very fair skin, light blue eyes, an engaging smile and expressive face. She is of the petite, symmetrical type, with an instinct for *chic*, which, combined with that very orderly, well-trained mind of hers, and that contralto voice, sum up to a total that indicates fair sailing ahead for Martha. She'll bear watching, will this engaging girl from Missouri.

The Laugh Team Speaks Up

Continued from page 31

laughs. A comedy may make you roar and fall out of your seat while in the theatre, but it hasn't the insides, the substance to register in your mind as a lasting thing.

"Neither Mary nor I started out to be comedians. She made her debut as a dramatic actress. It was only when she appeared in Booth Tarkington's stage hit, 'Clarence,' that she discovered her comedy talents. I began as a kid in knee-pants to play old-men characters. Then, I became the romantic juvenile and later, graduated into musical comedy. Now, here we are in Hollywood, a screen laugh team."

"We're never afraid of the other stealing a scene," mused Mary.

"Nor fuss about whose face is turned to the camera," added Charlie.

After years of success in creating mirth-provoking situations on both stage and screen, Charlie and Mary modestly insist they have no formula, no system in garnering laughs.

Charlie's only suggestion was that one becomes sensitive to comedy angles. He said, "You train your mind to see the humorous aspect in every incident. It is your business and you work at it. Believe me, our 'spontaneous' screen comedy is the result of painstaking effort."

"We are both of the Pollyanna type. Not that we run around shouting 'Isn't life grand!' But neither of us yearns to play the classics, and we are not slaves to ambition. We get complete satisfaction out of our screen comedies."

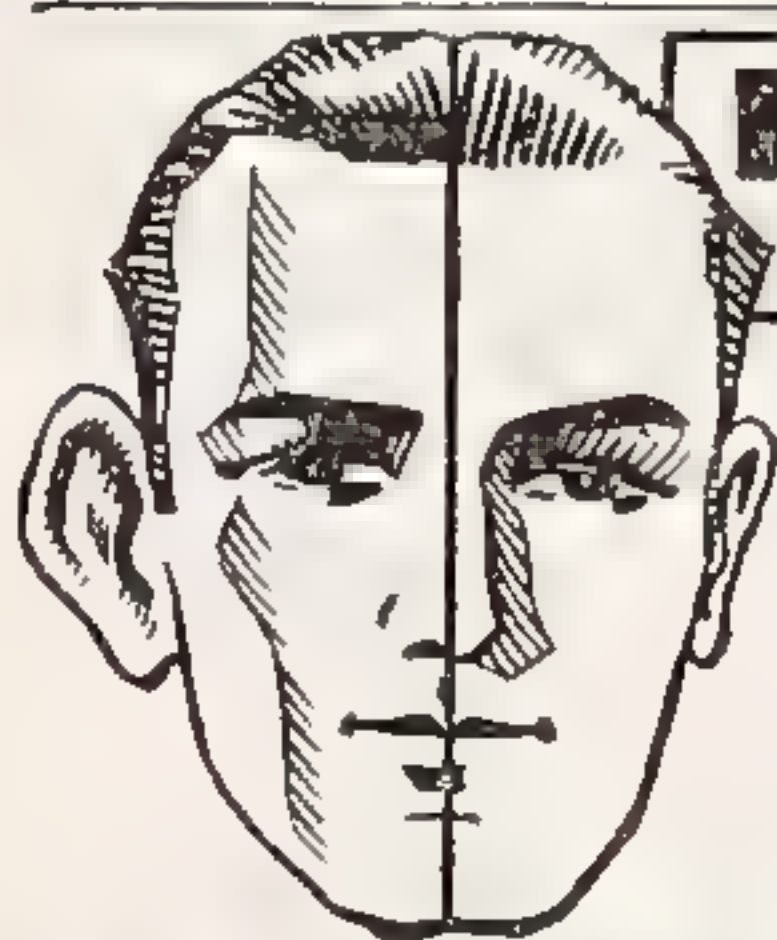
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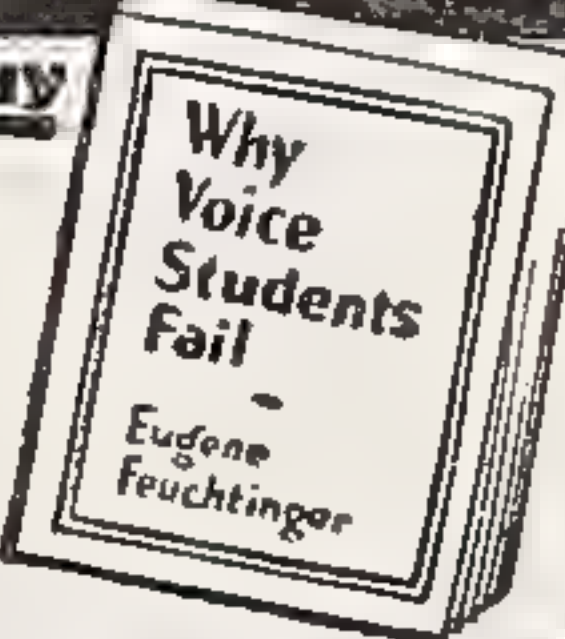
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YOU want a soft, flattering make-up this time of year, one which encourages your complexion to look flowerlike. Princess Pat powder is about the nicest your cosmetic scout knows, for producing this effect. It is made on an almond base and from earliest times almond oil has been famous for the delightful things it does to ladies' faces. During hot weather when there is a tendency for skins to become parched and dried, this soft-textured powder not only gives you that most becoming fragile look, as if you spent hours and hours just caring for your complexion, but it actually is good for you, counteracting dryness and staying on much longer than the other powders which are made without almond.

We suggest you try it and see if our judgment is not correct. Under it, blend a dash of Princess Pat rouge for that natural delicate coloring that seems to shine through from beneath the skin. We have found English tint a particularly happy choice of shade to add to the becomingness of your light summer frocks.

The good old summer time is perfume time—but with a difference! In warm weather you want your perfume light, gay, sparkling as the twinkle of sun on water. And Lenthéric has a grand idea on this very matter. It is a new package called the "Three Silent Messengers," an eau de cologne, in three separate fragrances: Miracle, Asphodele, Lotus D'Or. Aren't the bottles pictured here, attractive? With them you may be

Femi-nifties

When summer suns are riding high,
Beauty herself, comes smiling by!



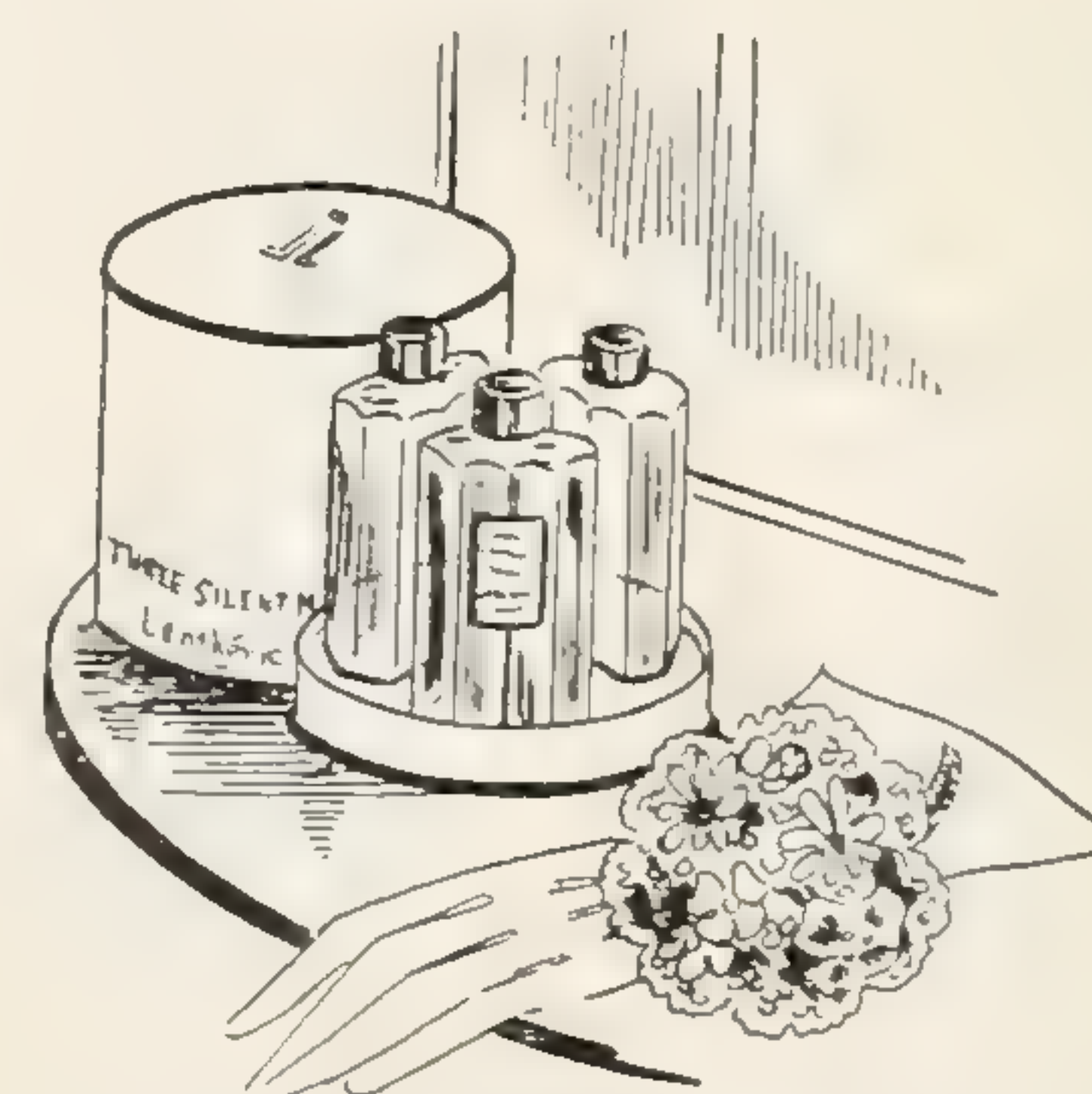
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as versatile as you please, using one fragrance in the morning, one at noon, and one at night! Of course, eau de cologne is not perfume, but when a very light fragrance is desired, as it is in hot days, it becomes the perfect answer.

Do you know the new trick with eau de cologne? If your apartment is hot and close when you come home to it at night, or if you are in it all day, spray a bit into the air. What a change! You can imagine a field of flowers right outside your window with a woodsy, little breeze carrying it in to you! All the stuffiness is gone in an instant.

If you want to be a perfect guest, take the "Three Silent Messengers" to your hostess. If you want to be a perfect hostess, have them standing on the dressing-table for your guest!

Are you excited about the new hats? One of our favorite starlets is! She will not let us use her name as that would be telling—but she made her own hat and it is about the smartest, most becoming thing you ever saw. It cost her ever so little in money and just a few relaxing hours of fun. It is crocheted and the smart part is the amazing new Dennison material of which it is made. This gives it an interesting surface, roughly smart, firm, flattering. It is ideal for summer as it is so light and cool. One day its owner was caught out in the rain in it! (Oh yes, it rains occasionally in Southern California, and when it does, it does a thorough job of it.) But the drenching did not hurt the hat in the least. This hat material is waterproof.

This particular young star made a sports hat first and then liked it so well that she made another for town! She

says it is so easy to do anybody can make one in a jiffy.

Let your own fingers crochet a smart new hat for you with Dennison crêpe. You'll be delighted.

Ladies, meet Lemon Rinse! It is an old friend, this lemon way to bright and shining hair. Your grandmother knew about it. But sometimes we need reminding of the simplest things.

Rinse your hair with the juice of two lemons in the water at the end of your shampoo, to do the following things:

1. Cut out every last vestige of soap.
2. Remove any lurking oil.
3. Bring out the lights in your hair no matter what color it may happen to be.
4. If you are a blonde, to help keep your hair its own light shade.
5. If you are one of the mouse-brown types, to brighten your hair with a soft shine and make it interesting.
6. Best of all, to make your hair feel clean, slick, and without any odor of soap about it.

Remember how important lovely hair is over the summer. Shampoo it frequently. And be careful to rinse all the soap out each time this natural, beauty-giving way.

If there is ever a time when you want to give yourself a little extra vacation, it is in the middle of summer when you have stayed at home! And there is nothing we know which will make you feel better at a time like that than a fragrant bath with Bathasweet. That sticky, hot, summer feeling, can be washed away!

Just before you step into the water shake this divine powder into your tub. Sweetness rises up, freshening the air around and giving you a garden-of-flowers feeling.

It softens the water. It makes your soap lather more freely. You feel slick! If you hate to get out of your tub under ordinary circumstances, it can be almost a menace. You just can't bear to leave such a pleasant, relaxing bath!

Here is another trick worth knowing. A few shakes of it into the water in which you rinse your silk underthings or handkerchiefs gives them a faint lasting fragrance you will love.

So enthusiastic are we about what Bathasweet will do, that we forgot to tell you how it looks. It is out in a new container with a wavy watery design, quite as delightful to look at as the contents are to use.

Helen Hayes Tells Why She'll Retire from the Films

Continued from page 33

the matter of publicity.

"Mr. Marion who wrote that article about screen stars was entirely right," she said. "Stars like Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett were made by the motion picture public and the public has a right to know what it wants to about them. It has a right to know what it wants to know about me if I stay in pictures—and so, after I fulfill my contract which calls for two more, I'm getting out!"

"You see, after all, I belong in the theatre—I'm not a glamorous figure—just a good actress who can make good money in the theatre. I'm sure I'll end my days as a character woman supporting the young star of the day. I don't want more money than I need for the present and the future. Money gets in my way—I don't know where to put it.

"We've got our home in Nyack now and I can't tell you how I love it or what it's done for me this winter. I've been working terribly hard—the play has as many sides as 'Hamlet' and yet I've not been tired at all this year. Next year I'm going on tour with the play.

"I thought that when I signed my picture contract for half a year in Hollywood and half a year on the stage I was pretty smart—but I wasn't! The time overlaps. I must work terribly hard in Hollywood this summer to finish my two pictures to get back in time to take the company out. How can I keep all those players waiting for work?—and the same holds true of Hollywood in a lesser measure. They wired for me to come West the first of March, but how could I drop the play that was playing to capacity?

"In the theatre one *can* have a private life. You can talk to the press about anything or nothing—and it doesn't matter so long as you're a good actress. But a good motion picture actress must have or make up a private life that reads like a fairy tale. The public wants it and they're entitled to it."

"You forget the end of that article. It said, 'If you lead a normal life—(as you do, for instance)—you won't be bothered so much with interviews.' Stars talk about

their homes, their children, and their husbands."

"My husband doesn't want me to and I don't want to!" said Helen Hayes. "Even normal things assume different aspects when applied to a screen actress. Mary is still the way I want her to be. She doesn't know what it's all about. She's four now, but suppose she were old enough to read. Think of what it would do to her. She'd either get conceited to have a famous writer like Charles MacArthur for a father and an actress for a mother, or get an inferiority complex.

"No, I think sooner or later every picture star has to decide what she wants most—a career or a private life. She can't have her cake and eat it too—it's not being honest with the public who made her rich and famous. That's why I've chosen the private life and am getting out."

All the time Helen had been talking my subconscious mind had been working. My conscious mind said, "She's right and so very honest—let her alone!"—but my subconscious mind hadn't gotten over the idea of getting my story about Mary, and I said suddenly:

"All right! You say you're getting out! But don't forget you're not out yet—there are two more pictures. And until you are out, you must tell the public what it wants to know—if you want to live up to your own theory."

I felt like a villainess in a melodrama, for Helen looked at me with large round eyes. There was a pause. "I hadn't thought of that," she replied. There was another pause while she turned it over in her mind.

I've told you I love Helen for her honesty and she proved it now when she said, "Oh, why must you have such a logical mind! I suppose you're right. I do believe what I told you and now I've got to prove it after my mind was all made up. And I bet Charley won't talk to me if I let you interview Mary. After all, what can a child of four say? And suppose everyone comes to interview the child after you? I promise if you let her off no one else shall get near her to bother her."



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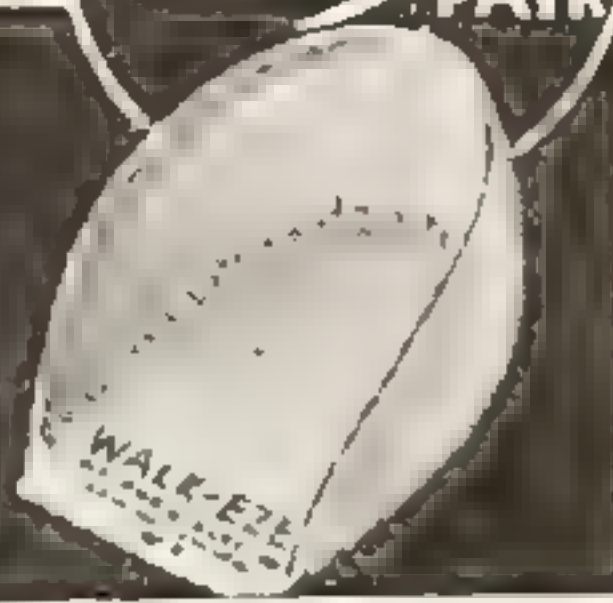
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One of the reasons why everything goes like clock-work when the cameras start whirring, is the careful preparation. Above you see Kay Francis, Jean Muir and Verree Teasdale listening as Director Kiehle explains a scene for "Dr. Monica."

How's that for a good sport who lives up to her theories?

Mary, I hear, has golden hair down to her knees now. Helen hasn't the heart to cut it and Mary wears it in pigtails every day, and for "dress-up" it is allowed to hang with its slight curl and a ribbon around in *Alice in Wonderland* fashion. If there ever was an *Alice*, Mary is she.

The name "Helen Hayes" is never spoken around the MacArthur home. But Mary is slowly beginning to be aware that there is such a thing—not an actress or a person or her mummy, but just a thing. Helen's examples of this are too good to keep. Mary plays with the children in the neighborhood and one day some of the older ones came over supposedly to play with the youngster and suddenly said, "I want to see your mama." Mary, poor innocent, lead them to Helen and they stood around shyly and after ascertaining that she was "Helen Hayes" produced an autograph book while Mary looked on with knitted brow. She knows her mother goes to the studio and the theatre but she doesn't think that she's any different from the other children's mamas.

When Mary was very young the MacArthurs sang to her "Bye Baby Bunting" with the variations of "Daddy goes to the Studio" and "Mama goes to the Studio." The theatre she learned about one day when she wanted to come to New York with Helen who said, "You don't want to stay in the cold, dark theatre." So now when mama leaves, Mary asks whether she's going to the "cold-dark theatre," whatever that may be!

As to the name Helen has made famous, the best anecdote of all seems to be about the evening Helen was playing "Good-night" with Mary. This game consists of calling each other funny names.

They began with "Good-night twiddle-dee."

"Good-night twiddledum," returned Mary.

They next went on to the foods. It was "Good-night spinach," "Good-night carrots," etc. Finally Helen said, "Good-night vegetable soup" and Mary's amazing reply was "Goodnight Helenhayes," upon which she began giggling furiously.

"I don't know what she thought it was, but it was run together and was supposed

to be funnier than vegetable soup," said Helen. "Of course, I nearly fell over, because I didn't know Mary had ever heard the name but she must have picked it up from the older children." Mary doesn't know what "Helen Hayes" means yet—which gives you an idea of how Helen is trying to bring up Mary.

Helen wants to make "What Every Woman Knows" because it is her favorite play and because she wants to bring it to everyone, as only the medium of pictures can do. She still trusts producer Irving Thalberg as implicitly as she did in the beginning. The MacArthurs travelled to Europe with the Thalberg family when Irving was ill last year and she feels that she has made true friends in Norma Shearer and Irving, and that Mary has a pal in Irving, Junior.

Helen says she loves picture-making more than the monotony of the stage. She loves the climate of Hollywood and she loves it because she made four real friends there—the Thalbergs and the Alfred Newmans, who have just given their new baby a middle name of Hayes. Mr. Newman is the talented man who does all the musical scores for Twentieth Century pictures.

"To make a friend after one is twenty-five I think is marvelous, and I'd travel half way round the world for it! Certainly I'll go to Hollywood occasionally even after I leave pictures."

"As if Irving Thalberg would let you go!" I scoffed, "to say nothing of the fans."

"I haven't told Irving yet," Helen said, "but just the same I've made my choice. I want a private life."

But being Helen Hayes of the uncommon honesty she added, "Of course we never know what will happen! I don't want to put on a Patti's farewell act because maybe I'll be making more pictures after my contract expires—look at the way I've had to talk about everything you wanted when I was sure I wasn't going to! But you're right. I'll be consistent, and give interviews for two more pictures. I think the next life story I give out I'll say I was stolen by gypsies in my childhood—but after those two pictures I'm going to have my private life if I know anything about it!"

Grand Duchess Marie

Continued from page 15

own section of the palace. She was working while her husband amused himself with his toy soldiers and a kennel full of hounds which he kept in his bedroom. Empress Elizabeth, Catherine's aunt by marriage, mistrusted her but took no definite action against her except keeping her at a distance. Catherine's political sympathizers were risking their lives by taking part in her intrigues but she knew how to guide them and also how to inspire them with loyalty both to her person and to her cause. The story of her own daring as well as the courage displayed by her supporters who ultimately helped her to the throne would have made a far more exciting film subject than the one chosen.

There was no love lost between Elizabeth and Catherine, the older woman suspecting the younger one of scheming. Nothing, therefore, could have been further from Elizabeth's mind than to let her niece-in-law handle affairs of state or to think of entrusting Russia at her deathbed. Peter was her nephew and heir and it was to him that she left the throne.

Elizabeth, although not as strong a character as Catherine, had nevertheless a very definite personality of her own. In this youngest daughter of Peter the Great were blended both the Asiatic traits of her Moscovite forefathers and the refinements of a newly imported Western culture. A very beautiful woman, she had the grace and dignity of an Eastern Sultana mingled with the smiling elegance of a French Marquise. She was an indolent, feminine, and kind-hearted woman who since the beginning of her reign had refused to sign a single death sentence. The love of her life had been Count Razoumovsky to whom she was secretly wedded for many years. To see her portrayed in the film as a screaming, hysterical creature with a badly fitting wig and a make up reminiscent of the Virgin Queen, to see her slapping her courtiers one minute and embracing them the next is somewhat surprising, to say the least.

Peter, Elizabeth's unbalanced nephew and heir, a young man who was gifted neither with charm nor distinction is the only figure on the screen that has been allowed some elbow-space, and he becomes the play's most sympathetic character. At the side of the mincing, virtuous, and tearful Catherine he acquires in spite of himself a certain dignity. He also is the only well

dressed and well groomed person of the entire cast, his clothes being so elaborate as to make one believe that when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had once been fitted out the credits were exhausted and the other actors including the other stars had to be satisfied with anything they could get in the way of apparel.

It is a poorly dressed and poorly mannered crowd of courtiers that rushes back and forth through the very accurately copied rococo halls of the Tzarskoe Selo Palace. There is very little of the Eighteenth Century elegance in the pancake curtsies of the ladies and the stiff-backed bows of the gentlemen. In their general demeanor there is not one refined or graceful gesture. Even Catherine's supporters treat her with disconcerting familiarity making it obvious that very little attention and time were devoted to the schooling of the court in appropriate behavior.

No local color worth mentioning has been introduced into the story which as it is conceived could have taken place almost in any country. The opening scene with its perfectly modern gypsy songs and a few glimpses of the Moscow cupolas with close-ups of church bells in full volley are unconvincing and but loosely related to the principal theme. At the risk of appearing too exacting it must be pointed out that church bells in Russia are brought into action differently from anywhere else, differently also from the manner in the film. The tongue alone in Russian bells is swung, the bells themselves being so attached to their crosspieces that they cannot oscillate.

It is a pity that even the singing behind the stage supposedly at Empress Elizabeth's bier has nothing to do with Russian melodies—a fact that is hardly excusable considering the present popularity of Russian music.

Very little can be said of the acting. Miss Bergner's reputation as an actress of talent had preceded the film but the part she has to take in it could but do her injustice, to my mind.

Next time that Europe sends us one of her historical film productions we must hope that it will be something more authentic, something at least into the making of which would have gone some knowledge, discernment and taste, even if it does deal with such a remote and exotic subject as Russian history.

She Said "No" to Thalberg

Continued from page 25

stock company there. The director, who had met her in a theatrical manager's office in New York, thought she was a Broadway leading lady and begged her to go west with him to play the ingénue lead in stock. Before she arrived he billed her all over town as a prominent New York actress, and announced she would be the company's guest artist for the summer.

So Claire just had to make good—and did, in a big way. Previous to this, she had never been on the stage in her life, except for a few church entertainments and as a student in the American Academy of Dramatic Art, in New York.

Following this summer in stock she returned to New York, where she appeared in a number of short films. By this time, the

spell of the footlights, the glamour and fascination, was in her blood—and she was off on a career.

Originally Claire planned to enter Smith College, but a little matter of credit shortage caused her to abandon this course. This served to depress her considerably for a time, since many of her friends in the old home town, (Larchmont, N. Y., a few miles above New York City), attended that famed girls' school. But soon she decided to become an artist, and travelled daily up to Columbia University, where she took art, design, and French.

There dawned upon her one day the realization that the artist market was flooded—what chance had she in amounting to anything in that field when already

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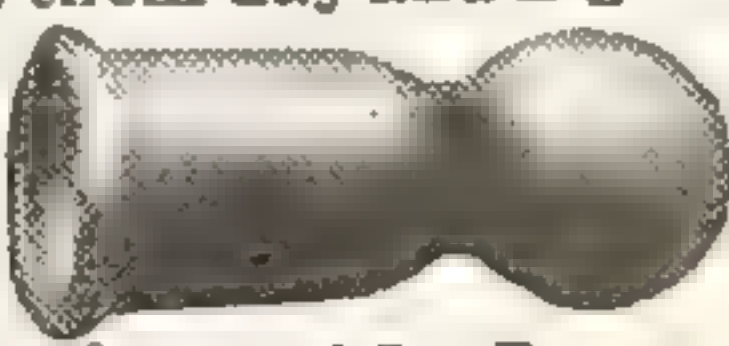


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experienced artists could not find work? Once again, she changed her plans, this time enrolling in the dramatic academy.

"It sounded like fun," she says, "and besides, the studies were more interesting than the cut and dried procedure of college. Then, I found I'd rather act than do anything else.

"An old friend, a former stage manager for Ethel Barrymore, advised me to go the rounds of the managers' offices daily. Even if I didn't find work right at first, my face and name, through the mere process of making a daily appearance, would be stamped on the various managers' minds. I met Robert Henderson, who managed the Ann Arbor stock company, in one of the offices and he offered me the opportunity to go west for the summer."

On one occasion, during these weeks of going from office to office, prior to her departure for Ann Arbor, Claire encountered a most embarrassing and gosh-awful half-hour. Acting upon the advice of another friend, when asked by a producer if she'd had previous stage experience she rattled off the names of three or four shows in which she supposedly had had parts.

Unfortunately, her prospective employer had been the producer of one of them, and remarked he didn't remember her as having been in the play. He instructed his secretary to bring him his file showing the original cast.

At this point the panic-stricken girl broke down and admitted she had been fibbing. The producer liked her nerve so much he gave her a chance to read some lines, anyway, but Claire was so upset that her audition resulted in a miserable failure.

Warner Bros. sent her to their stock company in St. Louis, Mo., after she had made several two-reel pictures for them. Here, she acted with Lyle Talbot and Wallace Ford, and for the first time in her professional life learned she employed scene-stealing tactics. When she returned to Broadway, again, Warners offered her a contract at the same salary she had been receiving—to go to their west-coast studio. But Claire said nay, I like the stage, I'm not interested in pictures, I will not go!

Instead, she joined the Hampton Players in Southampton and for several months charmed the natives in that fashionable watering place. New York producers saw her, offered her several parts and finally she elected to play in "Whistling in the Dark," which ran for a year on the Rialto before going on tour for another year. It was during this play's visit to Los Angeles that Claire made her momentous decision to turn down Irving Thalberg's offer.

Back on the Great White Way, she played the lead in "The Party's Over," where Fox representatives caught her performance and signed her to a contract. She entrained two weeks later for Hollywood.

Claire's greatest screen success, thus far, has been in "The Mad Game," with Spencer Tracy. As the hard-boiled newspaper woman, with a heart of gold, she created much favorable comment. She declares she liked that rôle particularly because it gave her an opportunity to characterize.

Her deepest childhood impression occurred at the age of nine, with the death of her best friend. Later, she vowed she'd find out how to cheat death, if only by living her own life doubly rich—for the little girl who died and for herself. In this respect, she leads a tremendously full life and is ever on the rush.

She resides with her mother in a hillside home just outside Hollywood, in the San Fernando Valley, and already is a confirmed California devotee. When she took a month's vacation in New York over the Christmas holidays, to visit her father, a prosperous business man, she could scarcely

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wait to get back home to the Golden State. "We westerners just can't stand the confinement of the big cities!" she said, humorously.

Claire has real blond hair, serious brown eyes that frequently light up in laughter, an independent little swagger, a trim figure, and a clear, fair skin that tans readily. The day I lunched with her, she was as red as a cherry, having labored under the fond illusion that you cannot burn in the fog.

One of Hollywood's most popular girls, she loves to dance and wander—but never

confines her appearances with always the same man. She "plays the field," as the expression is known, and likes variety. Her escorts must be real men, however, and preferably of an athletic build and disposition. When she decides to marry—some time in the distant future—she will give up the screen and acting for good and devote all her time to her home and her husband.

Claire Trevor's like that—she's thorough, and she knows her own mind. Just try to talk her into something!

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 71

THE Young family has certainly made motion picture careers a clannish affair. Polly Ann Young was the first of the family to enter the movies. Then, after she had started, a studio called her for a screen rôle. Polly was busy in another picture, so she sent her sister, Loretta. And look where Loretta is today!

Well, Loretta had been working several months when she overheard a director say that he needed a girl like her, (Loretta), so she suggested that he see her sister, Sally Young. Sally was seen, and engaged for her first screen part. She changed her name to Sally Blane—and look where she is today!

All of which leads up to the fact that the other day, a studio needed a girl to play Loretta Young at the age of twelve years. "Why not use my sister, Georgi-
anne?" Loretta asked. So another of the Young sisters has gone into pictures—and I wonder where she'll arrive on the road to success?

THE rich society folk who come into the movies have fads just as eccentric as those of our real stars. Take Merry Fahrney, that Chicago heiress to millions, for instance. She likes green, so she uses only green, one-cent postage stamps. You should see one of Merry's special delivery, airmail letters—the envelopes are covered with one-cent stamps.

DO YOU know how fast it is possible to travel now? Here is a most amazing record: Elizabeth Allan left London, England, on May 5th, on a hurried trip to Hollywood for a picture rôle. She crossed the Atlantic on the Europa in less than five days, and on the afternoon of the sixth day, she was in Hollywood. The trip from England to California required slightly more than five and one-half days!

EVERYBODY is killing rattlesnakes out in Hollywood. It's getting so a body isn't in the social swim unless his mantle is decorated with the rattles of at least one reptile *Crotalus atrox*.

A rattler struck at Frances Dee in the garden of her ranch. Frances and a hired hand killed it with garden tools. It had ten rattles.

Then Dorothy Sebastian, Bill Boyd's wife, heard a familiar warning as she opened the gate of her cabin in the Malibu Mountains. She jumped barely in time to escape the deadly fangs. Dorothy secured a revolver, and soon Mr. Snake and his head parted company.

Ann Dvorak came across a seven-foot rattler on the rancho where she and Leslie Fenton live.

HELEN TWELVETREES tells this story at her own expense. It seems that she and her husband went to a suburban theatre. The house was crowded, so they had to take single seats, apart from each other.

In the excitement of the picture, Helen, who was eating candy from a bag, forgot that she was separated from her husband, so she offered the candy to the man in the next seat. He gently pushed it away. She offered it again, and once more he thrust the bag aside.

Helen turned and opened her mouth to say, "What's happened to you, that you refuse candy?"—then suddenly remembered that the man in the next seat wasn't her husband. She was so embarrassed that she left the theatre, and waited in the car until the show was over, and her real hubby showed up!

WHEN Wallace Beery's wife was in the hospital, seriously ill, Beery traveled eighty miles by speed boat and airplane, twice daily, to see her. He was on location at the Isthmus, Catalina Island, a few miles off the California coast, at the time.

Somebody remarked to Beery that this traveling was a pretty decent thing to do, and that not all husbands would be so solicitous.

"Why shouldn't I?" demanded Wally. "If I were ill, she'd walk through fire to get to me."

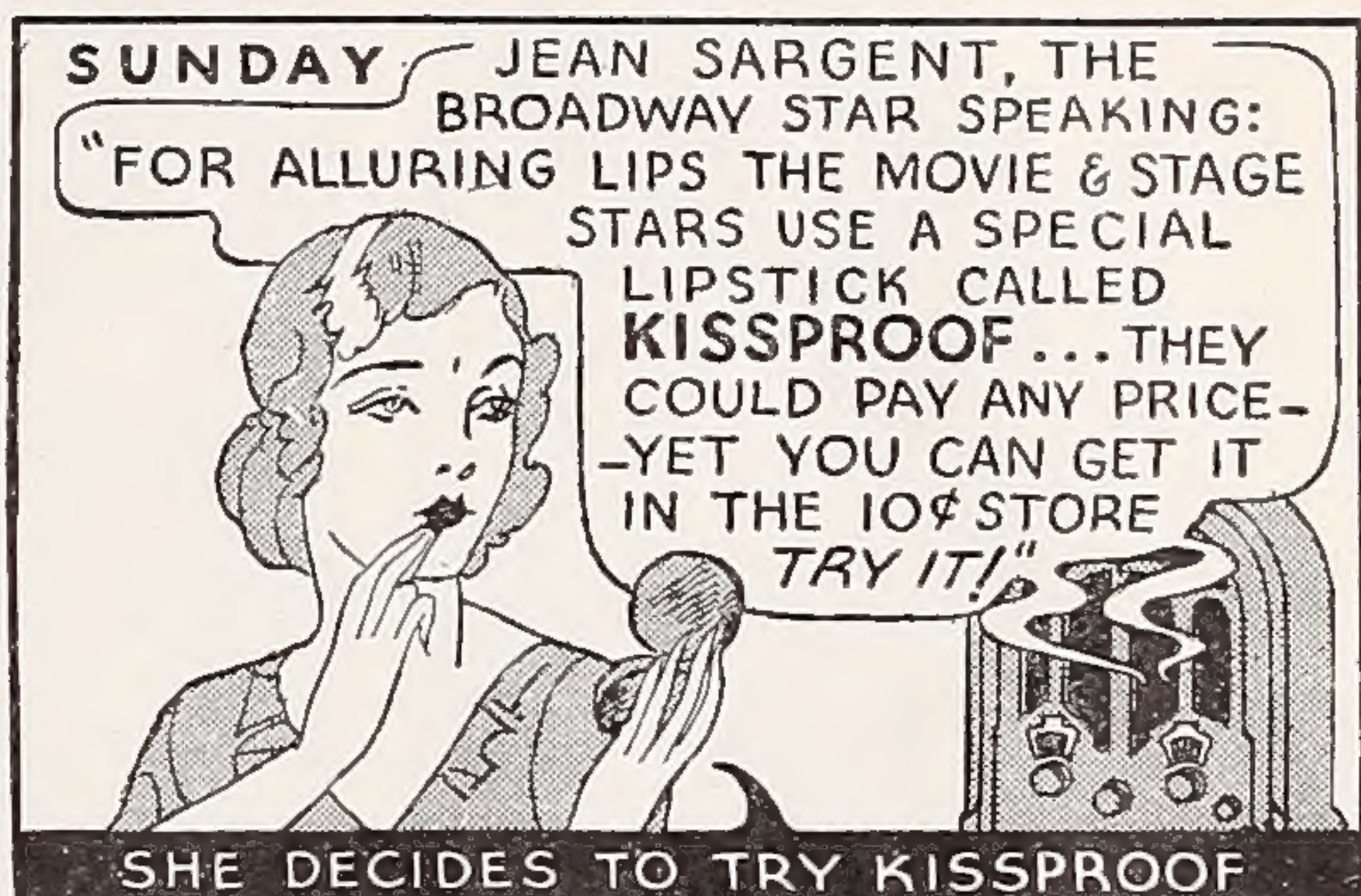
ALL the way from South Carolina to Hollywood hitch-hiked a young gent by the name of Crosby, bent on learning if he was related to the one-and-only Bing. The two met and talked, but there was no kin-blood in their veins. Bing loaned the chap a dollar, (on request), then forgot the matter.

The crooner received a big surprise later: The other Crosby got a job in Hollywood, and out of his first pay check, he returned Bing's dollar-loan!

I'M GOING to be the first into the theatre to see the chorus numbers of that new picture, "Kiss and Make Up." Why? I'll tell you why:

Paramount studio borrowed the Goldwyn chorus girls—you saw them in "Moulin Rouge" and "Roman Scandals." When the girls reached the studio wardrobe and were given their "costumes," they balked. There was so little to the garments that modesty prevailed, and the girls refused in a body to wear them. They were told that such refusal would break their contracts, whereupon the girls appealed to Mr. Goldwyn, who looked at one of the scanty outfits, and then recalled his chorus, refusing to make them appear in the picture. So Paramount got other girls—and I'm going to be among the first to see "Kiss and Make Up."

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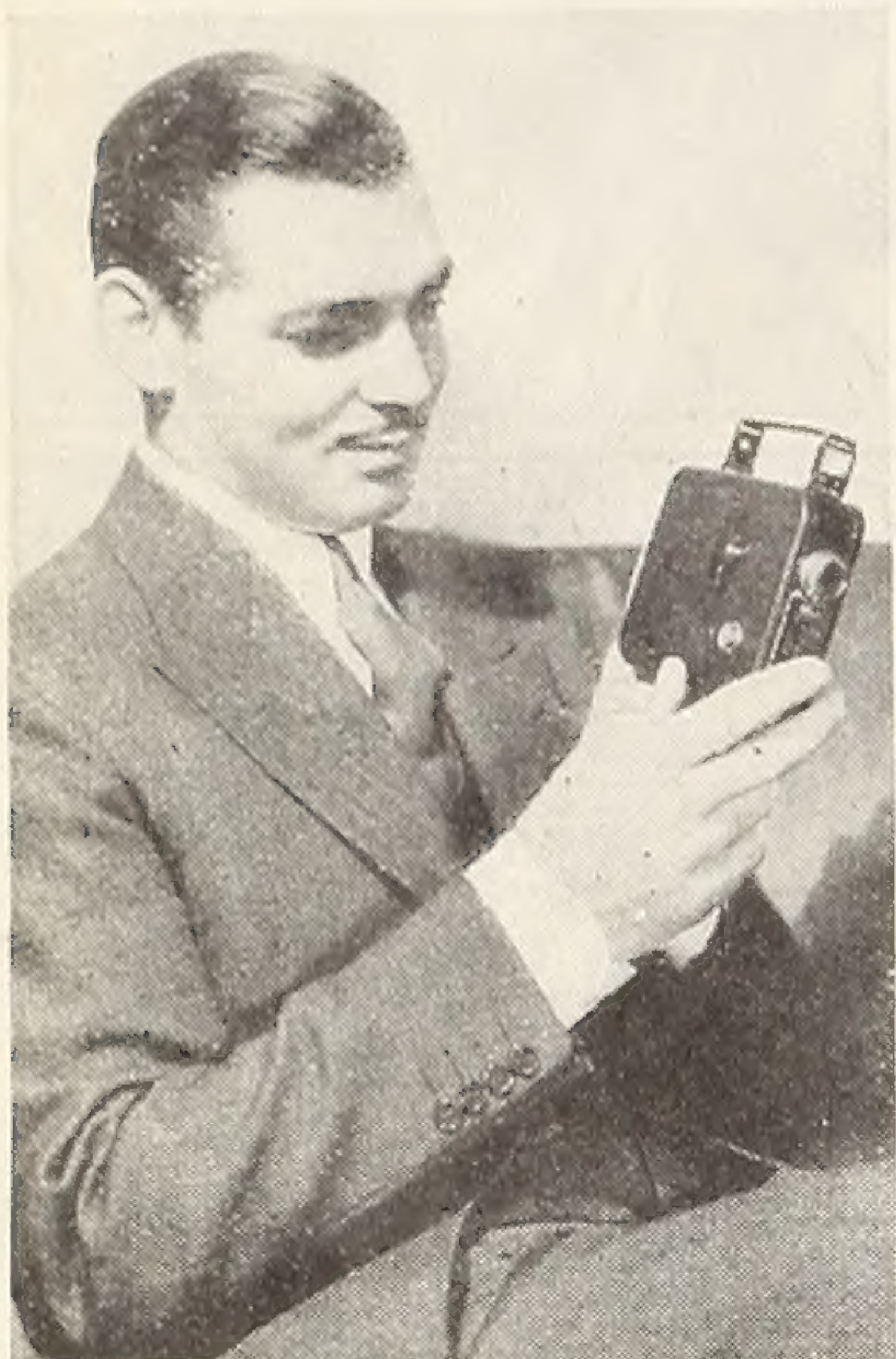
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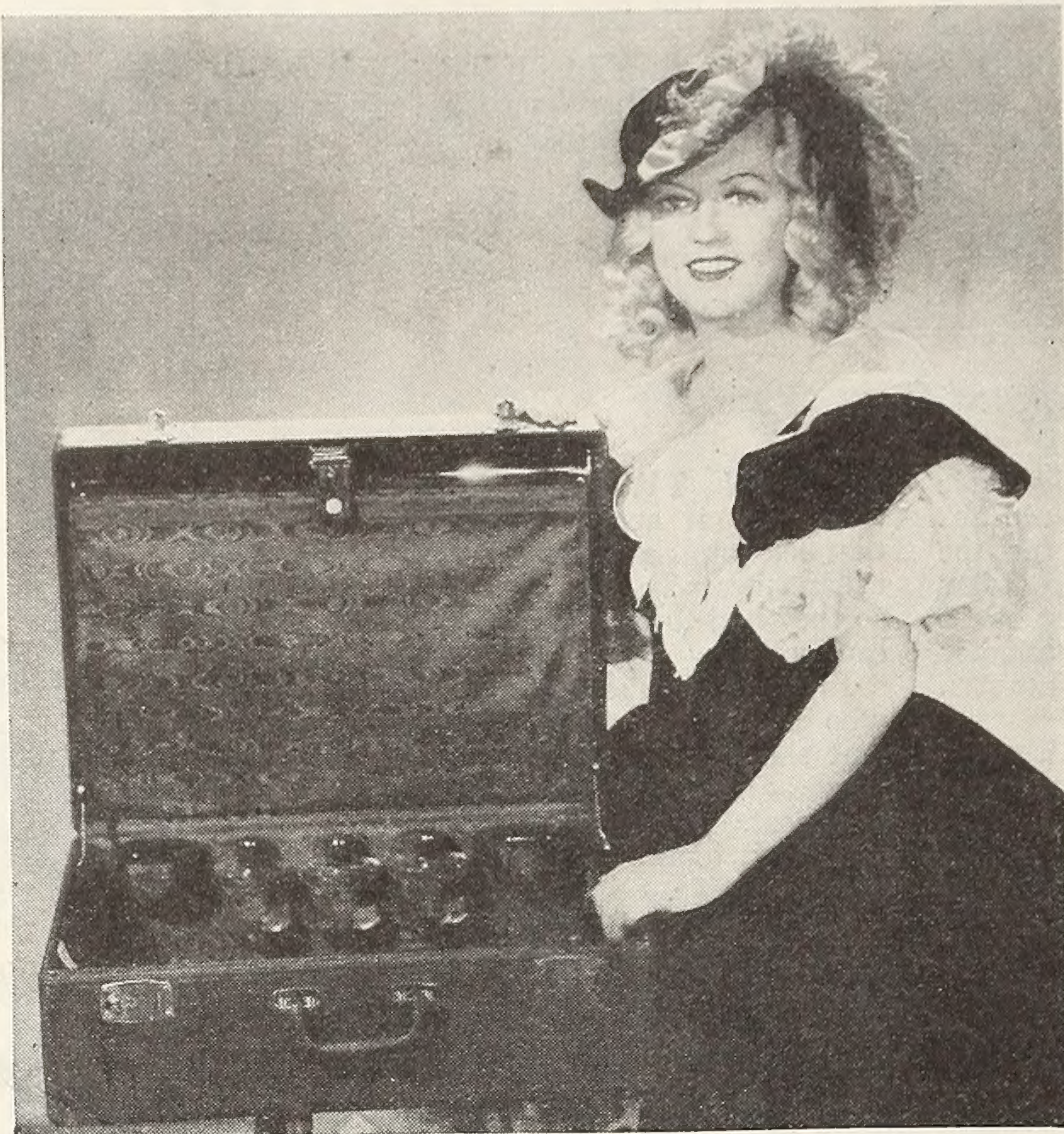
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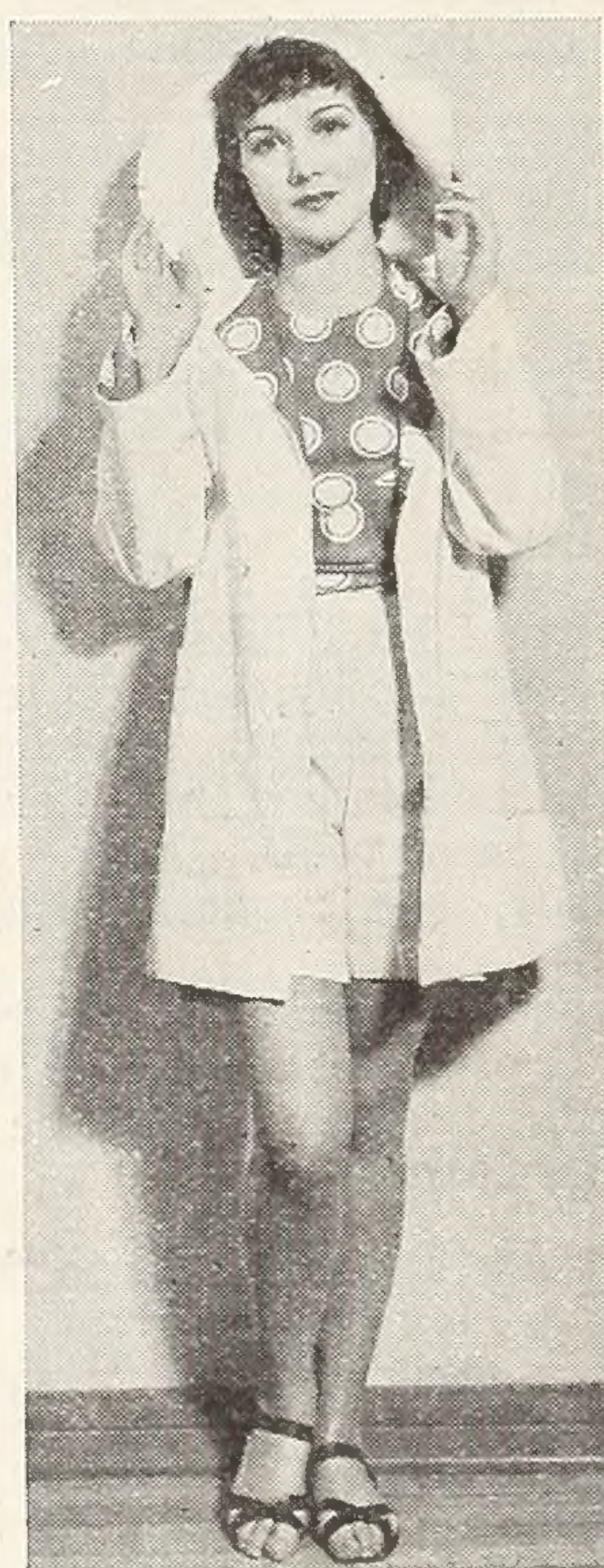
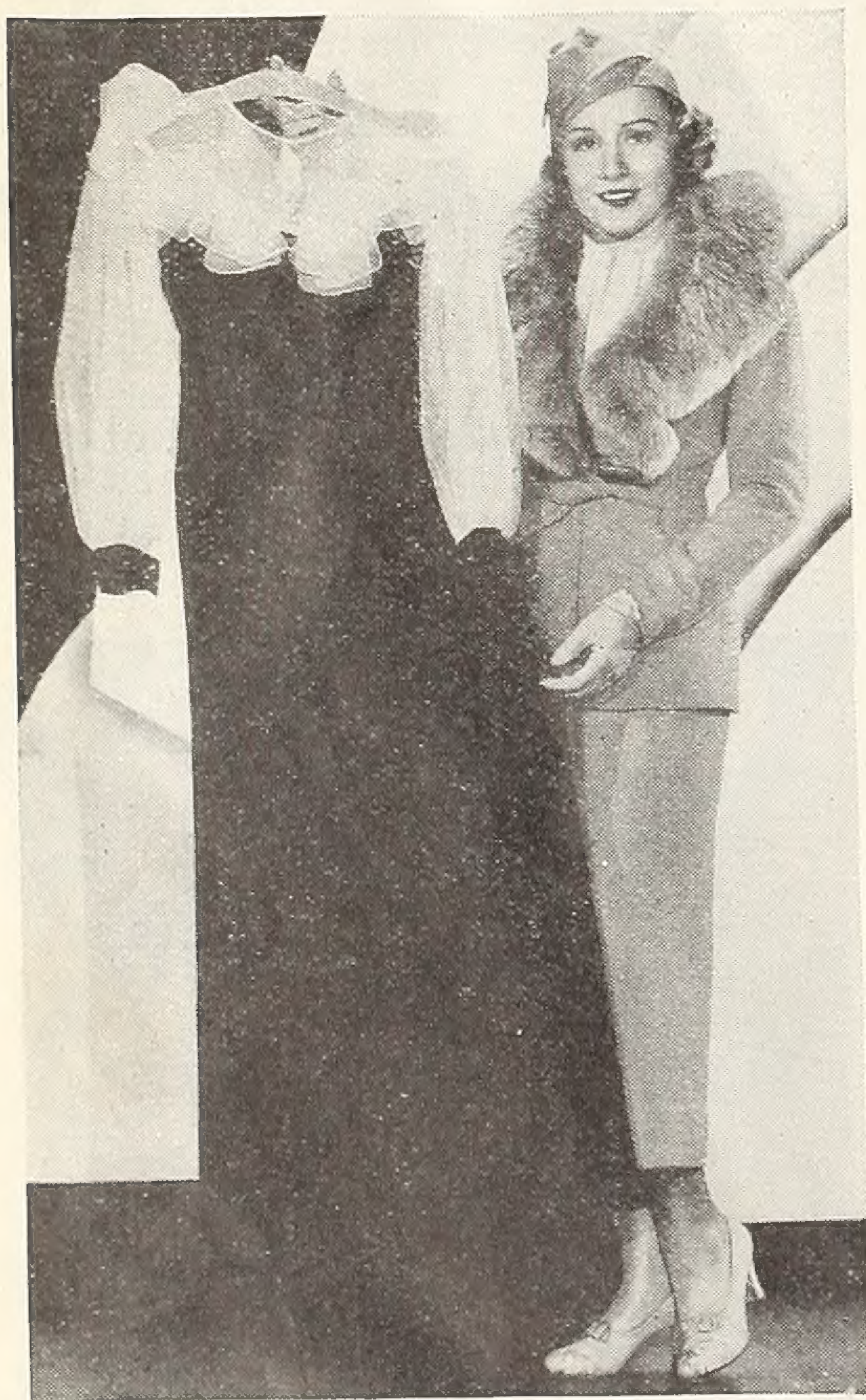


MYRNA LOY

A temple dancer talking "Pig-Latin" to a fat tourist from Dubuque.

MADGE EVANS
"She's ma sistah, suh, and I'll protect her hona' with ma life!"

HELEN HAYES
Royalty washing dishes. Dignity in a nudist colony.



JEAN PARKER

Blue violets. Prom-Queen at a church social eating pop-corn balls.



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Myrna Loy's Perfume awarded to Mrs. D. R. Blair, 529 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Helen Hayes' Negligee awarded to S. J. Croke, 3rd and Franklin Sts., Columbus, Ind.
Madge Evans' Dress awarded to Bernice Pennington, 379 Hill Ave., Glen Ellyn, Ill.
Jean Parker's Beach Ensemble awarded to Joyce Johnston, Box 208, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

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Who really sets the style trends nowadays? Paris? Park Avenue debutantes?

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But we're getting into Mr. Hall's story now. It's called "HOW THE HOLLYWOOD STARS MAKE THE AMERICAN GIRL!" And, believe us, he has seen them do it since long before little Mary Pickford lopped off her curly locks and the snip of the fatal shears was heard around the world.

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KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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